

# JOURNAL AND MESSENGER.

"WHAT THOU SHEEST," WRITE, . . . AND SEND UNTO THE CHURCHES."

VOL. LI., NO. 8.

CINCINNATI, INDIANAPOLIS AND PARKERSBURG, WEDNESDAY, FEB. 22, 1882.

WHOLE NO. 2570.

## Journal and Messenger.

WEDNESDAY, FEB. 22, 1882.

THE Director of the Mint has authorized the redemption of mutilated silver coins at the rate of \$1.00 per ounce, Troy, when presented in sums of \$5.00 and upwards. This is equal to about seventy to seventy-six per cent. of their face value.

According to the reports of the assessors for taxation in Alabama, the total value of all the mechanical and farming implements in the State is \$305,600, while the total value of the guns and pistols and other weapons is \$354,250, showing the value of these weapons to be \$19,000 more than the value of the implements of industry. No county has less than \$1,000 worth of weapons, and the average is \$5,000, while some counties have only \$2,000 worth of mechanical tools, and fourteen counties return less than \$100.00 worth of farming utensils. Such are the official figures. If there is an error, as there probably is, it is the fault of the officials.

PROFESSOR JOHN E. TODD, of Yale College, has been giving some very careful attention to the new version of the New Testament, counting up the number of grammatical errors under various heads, and he says—what after a somewhat careful reading we are prepared to believe—that, "judged by modern authorities and the best standards of modern prose writings, there are in the New Revision 688 separate instances of bad English, occurring 4,073 times," and if we were strict to mark some not very important errors the whole would amount to "not less than 7,000."

The State of Minnesota has done a noble thing—she has redeemed the bonds that had been virtually repudiated; and, on the 16th ult., the Governor, with three of his predecessors, went to the basement of the Capitol, and there, in turn, thrust each a bundle of the bonds into the fire, until \$2,500,000 of them were consumed, and the honor of the State fully vindicated. It was an event which ought to be noticed far and wide, for it removes a disgraceful blot from the face of one of the fairest of the sisterhood of States. There are some others that might with profit follow the example of Minnesota.

THE Opera Festival, which has been in progress in Cincinnati during the week past, and on which a fabulous amount of money has been expended, though yielding to the management a large pecuniary profit, has not proved a success artistically, and morally has been exceedingly expensive. The character of the people who were imported to lend *clat* to the affair was far from high or noble, and the conduct of the most prominent while in the city has been such as to disgust even many whose moral sense is not remarkably acute. The cost of tickets, out of which it is said that the management has cleared a very large sum, has been a heavy draft upon the purses of many whose financial ability was far from being unquestioned and persons from abroad have fared hardly better than citizens. Still, the pecuniary expense is nothing when compared with the moral loss. It is quite impossible for young persons, especially, to sit in admiration of the acting of such characters as were many of those introduced to the Music Hall, without having their moral sense blunted and injured. The common street talk, however well or ill founded, has produced its impression, and it will be a long time before Cincinnati recovers from the influence of the visit of Patti, Nicolini, and the Mapleson Troupe.

A WEEK ago we made mention of some of the things which Cincinnati has to show the stranger, and we spoke as though these were adapted to excite the pride of the citizens. Looked at from another side the brilliancy is somewhat dimmed.

Cincinnati has a great Public Library, kept up at great expense; but of the vast number of books which fill its shelves the larger portion is fiction, and the poorest and most vitiating of those works are those most sought for and read. Not much real benefit from the library.

Cincinnati has a University founded by the bequest of a man who specially stipulated that the Bible be made a constant text-book in its curriculum. But the President, or rector, is a played-out Unitarian minister of the right wing, and the Bible is less prominent than the Koran in the course of study, while the students and the rector are constantly at loggerheads, and the Board of Education is unable to control the elements at work. Not much benefit from the University.

Cincinnati has a great Music Hall, and a College of Music, established by men of wealth with the idea that they would conduce to the musical education of the citizens and prove a blessing to the city. But the college has degenerated into an operatic school, and the Music Hall affords a place for men and women of questionable morals to appear in extravagant costumes and receive the applause of the would-be fashionable, while some who would not go to a theatre nor to an ordinary operatic entertainment, excuse themselves for attending those held in the Music Hall, be-

cause of the place and because of the notoriety of the performers. Even modest young ladies, whose standing in society has been unquestioned, are induced to appear in the costumes of ballet-girls and bawds to form a part of the demoralizing pageant.

Cincinnati is to have a grand Museum of Art, and the idea of the founder is that it shall be a sort of school, and a continual educator of the people, as well as a source of great pleasure to the lovers of the beautiful. Judging from what we have seen in the management of these other institutions, we may expect it to be the receptacle of pictures and statues before which a brother and sister, or a pure young lady and her lover, could not stand without a feeling of guilt or a blush of shame. Such is the reverse side of the beautiful ideal which our generous citizens have cherished and are still contemplating. Is all just as it ought to be? Shall there be no change for the better?

### "LITHOS" IN REJOINDER.

Bro. Lasher.—I had no thought that the real point of my criticism of Pansy's reference to Jennie Smith's restoration would have been so thoroughly misunderstood. But I am willing to admit that it was my want of clearness in statement, and not any want of perception on the part of others. Permit me, therefore, a word of explanation.

As pastor, I have been exceedingly perplexed, not to say annoyed, in trying to help Christians whose growth in grace and efficiency in the Christian life has been hindered and hurt by reading so many wonderful answers to prayer and manifestations of the efficiency of faith, which they could not attain, when I knew that the real trouble was, *all* the facts had not been given, and they were left to grope their way with only light on one side. It becomes at once a question of veracity between the narrator and the pastor. Now, Pansy's statement was a case in hand. No account was taken of the medical treatment. If Pansy desired to strengthen the faith of Christians it should, in my estimation, have been done by giving all the important facts; and the letters of Pansy, Dr. Morgan and Jennie Smith show for themselves that the treatment received was a necessary and a very important factor, a factor which the statements of all concerned should ought not to have been omitted, as no hope was entertained of her recovery without this important factor. The treatment in this case, clearly, was *not* like the clay used by the Master; but it was an efficient agent, without which there was no hope.

So far as the theory of cure is concerned, I care but little. The facts as I stated them are as I retained them from personal conversations with Jennie Smith and Dr. Morgan, from personal letters written by him, and the account as published in the *Home Journal* of Philadelphia. Nor did I care about anybody advertising the esteemed doctor. But my anxiety lay with souls with whom I had to deal as pastor, and a present case in my work stirred me to write as I did.

Let any one bear in mind the following facts, and my point of criticism becomes plain:

1. Jennie Smith had been for seventeen years a severe sufferer.
2. She had been under skillful medical and surgical treatment, especially during the last few months of her illness.
3. No hopes were ever seriously entertained, so far as it appears from the records, that she could be cured without this treatment.
4. She had experienced decided help through this means—how great the help is unimportant.
5. In an hour of consecrated prayer she rises up and is fully restored.

Now, with all these facts before her, Pansy seeks to encourage and strengthen the faith of young Christians by telling this story, and omitting the second, third and fourth points, the first and fifth only, being linked together. I submit to any one, if it is not simply putting a weapon into the hands of the enemies of our common faith to be used against us in so stating the facts. Our anxiety to make the case a strong one, really weakens it when all the facts become known. Pansy has done no more here than others before her, and the result, according to my observation, is decidedly injurious.

I verily believe that the case in hand can be so used as to encourage and strengthen Christians; to make them more humble and prayerful; to lead them to see how a Christian can live and suffer, for Christ's sake, and be blessed; and to give them a faith well founded in prayer.

I should not dare to trespass on your time and space if it were not for the case as I have stated it above, and my own experience in leading Christians to expect to attain the possible and not the impossible in their experiences. And our national experience in praying for President Garfield's restoration should show us clearly that there are well-defined limits to the efficiency of faith.

I am not anxious to show that Jennie Smith's case contained no miraculous element. I was only anxious that some trusting soul should not be cast into despair because he could not attain heights which none had attained, and which he was led to suppose had been reached. I have found this to be the case over and over again. I am quite as anxious as any

of the others can be to give God all the glory—both in making the remedies efficient and in the final wonderful restoration; but, as I had questioned Jennie Smith closely upon this point, and she had uniformly and unhesitatingly given the credit, in a very large measure, to the remedial agencies employed, I felt it to be a hurtful omission. Not only so, but I submit that the only natural and legitimate inference from the story as told by Pansy is that no remedies had been used with any value at all. She links directly and closely the years of suffering and pain to the recovery, with no hint of any means used except prayer. I see also very clearly that a wrong impression was liable to be made upon the minds of many by the want of a clear, analytical theory in the doctor's explanation; but his theory of miracles or mine is not in debate here.

I am sorry to have hurt the feelings of any. I value too highly Pansy's stories to want to injure them or her in the least. My intimate and family relations with Dr. Morgan would certainly keep me from seeking his harm; and Jennie Smith is certainly esteemed, in so far as I have had the privilege of her acquaintance. I hope I am clear; and while my *nom de plume* is not so sweet as your contributor of the stories, it is quite as humble, and was not adopted because of the occasion, nor to cover up my real name. Dr. Morgan's family recognized it, and hereafter Pansy may.

LITHOS, i. e., EDW'D A. STONE.

### GRANVILLE, HO!

In the Granville letter this week I notice another appeal for recruits for the University. Perhaps some of us who are non-residents of the Center (as he terms it), might furnish some aid in the solution of the difficult problem. "How it comes to pass that fifty thousand Baptists send but one hundred boys to their College."

Of what avail are the growing endowment, the augmented facilities, the improved courses and methods of which he boasts, when the expenses are beyond the reach of the larger number of those who are thirsting to avail themselves of its privileges? I think, from personal knowledge and experience, that "Baptist parents" do not require a "process invented" to enable them to see that their children need a higher training, to fit them for the duties and responsibilities of life, than can be obtained in the public schools of our land. Prof. Gilpatrick, at our association meeting last August, requested that "the Church take up a collection, not of money, but of boys, and send to Granville;" yet I am persuaded that unless a bountiful supply of money should accompany the boys, they would be speedily returned to us as a totally worthless contribution.

True, Granville has the added facility of a railroad; yet I ask, Have the educational authorities put forth an effort to obtain school rates of travel for those living within convenient distance, and who might be desirous of going to and from, Monday and Friday, and carrying provisions for the interval? Our friends at that place are probably aware, if their memories are slightly freshened, that a portion of the students in all of our schools are war orphans. Do the managers of the institution aim to make the ascent up wisdom's heights as easy for such as for those who benefited by their irreparable loss?

We do not want the manhood and independence of our youth destroyed or weakened by free schools, but rates of tuition that will enable them, with steady employment at reasonable wages for one year, to clothe themselves and pay expenses for two, thus making it possible to complete the required course of study between the ages of fifteen and twenty-six years.

### A FLY IN THE OINTMENT.

MR. EDITOR:—I noticed an article in the J. and M. last week, from Granville, which, in many respects, is very encouraging to the Baptists of Ohio, but with all the advantages offered as an educational center, the College is evidently not patronized by a large portion of our people, and the question is asked why the 50,000 Baptists of Ohio do not send more than 100 young men to their own College? This is a very important question—one that ought to be answered intelligently and honestly. It is very evident that the Baptist cause of Ohio can not prosper as it should with a considerable portion of our sons and daughters educated at other institutions, and a careful examination of the case may be of incalculable benefit to the cause at large. One of the reasons probably is that students of Granville are not as secure against the various forms of intemperance as at some other colleges in the State. In this age of advanced temperance sentiment many parents, in seeking a place to educate their sons, take this question into serious consideration and choose schools where temptations of this kind are entirely removed.

At Oberlin no saloons are allowed to exist, and the use of tobacco is strictly prohibited to students, and the result is that the number of students is constantly increasing, and doubtless many sons and daughters of Baptists are found among them for the reasons above stated. At Granville (I am sorry to confess it) saloons are tolerated (or used to be) and the use of tobacco is quite prevalent. Five of the seven young men who graduated last year used tobacco, and doubtless have the

habit fixed for life. If this is a fair proportion of tobacco users among the graduates of "our Baptist College," is this not a sufficient reason why many of our people should seek other places to educate their sons. I am induced to speak plainly of this matter from the fact that when a student at Granville, I was led by the multitude of examples, and "much persuasion" to use tobacco, and know from experience something of the baneful influences of the habit—a habit that I would not have a son contract for any consideration.

A FORMER STUDENT.

### DR. ADKINS'S REJOINDER.

Of course I read Dr. Adkins's rejoinder to my criticisms upon his articles on Ordination, but have not been able to command the time for a reference to them, until now. I shall not enter into any discussion of the subject. He gave his opinion of ordination, frankly and honestly, and I gave my opinion of his articles frankly and honestly also. As to his rejoinder, three things may be said: 1. It was in no way calculated to strengthen his position. 2. It was in no way calculated to weaken the force of my criticisms on his articles. 3. It was evidently written in a perturbed state of mind; perhaps naturally so.

Dr. Adkins' claims that the ordination of men to the work of the gospel ministry in the apostolic age, was by the acts of councils and the imposition of hands, substantially as is practiced among us at the present time. And he thinks he has proven this from the New Testament. On the contrary, I claim that it can not be proven from the New Testament that, in the apostolic age, any man was inducted into the office of a preacher of the gospel by any ceremony whatever. I would as soon undertake to show by documentary evidence that Jules Verne's voyage to the moon was a historical fact, as to undertake to establish Dr. Adkins' proposition of apostolic ordination. Some authorities that I cited did not impress him favorably. The fact that Dr. Gill was an English Baptist, should not impair his authority on a point of biblical criticism, that I can see, especially if the communion question was not involved.

But all I wish further to add, is the testimony of a few other witnesses, of whom I trust he may entertain a more favorable opinion than of the former.

Dr. WM. B. JOHNSON, than whom no American Baptist was more honored in his day, and a man of no mean scholarship, in a book published by him, entitled "The Gospel of Luke," says: "As there is not a solitary case in the New Testament of ordination to the ministry by imposition of hands, I can not suppose that the direction of Paul to Timothy to 'lay hands suddenly on no man' does refer to imposition of hands in ordination to the ministry of the word." (pp. 155, 156.)

DR. FRANCIS WAYLAND, speaking of the administration of the Ordinances—which is one of Dr. Adkins' strong, and, I may say, tender points—in his "Sermons to the Churches," page 35, says: "I know that we restrict to the ministry the administration of the Ordinances; and to this rule, I think there can be no objection. But we all know that for this restriction we have no example in the New Testament."

DR. RICHARD FULLER, in a private letter, declared himself in favor of the present usage of confining the administration of the Ordinances to ministers, under all ordinary circumstances—as I suppose we all do—yet he says: "Suppose, however, there is a church that has no ordained pastor. I grieve to say that there is so much popery among us, that some churches in remote places go without the Supper for years, because they can not get a Baptist priest to consecrate the elements." "As to the abstract question whether an ordained minister is necessary for the Ordinances, I answer, No! Andrew Fuller, Robert Hall and all our eminent men were of one sentiment here."

DR. J. B. JETER, one of the ablest and one of the strictest of Southern Baptists, in an editorial in the *Religious Herald*, said: "The apostles laid on their hands several times to confer the gift of the Holy Ghost, but never in confirmation of an appointment to office, except in the case of the Seven." "There is no scriptural proof that any elder or bishop of any church was ordained by the laying on of the hands of an apostle, or any Christian minister." "A formal ordination service is not essential to the performance of ministerial duties; but is eminently becoming and useful. The appointment of a church is the essence of ordination."

DR. HOWARD MALCOM, in a private letter, says: "I can not see that baptism can only be rightly performed by an ordained minister. It would be just as valid, if done by any private member. The qualification belongs only to the candidate. Hence a church without a pastor may designate any member to baptize or break bread at the Lord's Supper."

This kind of evidence might be greatly extended, not only from Baptists, but from leading scholars of the various denominations. This much I give to confirm the faith of the readers of these articles; and I have no more to say on the subject. Certainly no more at present.

E. T. HISCOX.

SPECIMEN copies of the JOURNAL AND MESSENGER will be sent at once to any person who will distribute them and try to extend the circulation of the paper.

### BRIC-A-BRAC ITEMS FROM OUR REVIVAL.

Incidents and Lessons.

BY HENRY A. DELANO.

We are happy that we have been counted worthy to have this visitation from the Holy One—such indeed it is. No great excitement has prevailed, no evangelist called, no peculiar methods employed; pastor and people have just been earnestly, stout heartedly, devotedly at work together. God has heard prayer. The promises fulfilled, men and women have come to the meetings, the word has been preached, prayers offered, the song of invitation and praise sung, and scores have publicly confessed Christ. We can adopt the sentiment of a verse from one of the hymns of our fathers:

"Oh, it was cold and dark and drear,  
Till God the comforter drew near,  
Rent the thick clouds of night away,  
And brought us this revival day."

ALL HANDS AT IT.

One evening I noticed an old man sitting at my right, in the corner of the lecture room, whose face gave evidence of a terrible history. It appeared like some old picture: faded, rent, defaced and mutilated by time, but on which the sunlight had fallen in a seeming endeavor to show the beauty and glory of the picture when it was fresh and new. The face was marked by dissipation, the eyes were red, and the features were a faded, irregular look; yet the sunlight of a strange happiness and a pleasant hope was playing upon that face. When opportunity was given for testimonies, the old gentleman arose and said, "I can only praise God forever and ever, for one thing; he has taken my feet from an horrible pit, and from the miry clay, blessed be his holy name." I asked a gentleman, at the close of the service, to tell me about that man. "Well," said the friend, "that was the most abandoned, the most depraved drunkard, perhaps, that ever lived in this place. He was a terror to himself and his friends; he scarcely ever drew a sober breath. He came into our meetings one night fearfully intoxicated, he arose for the prayers of God's people. The pastor of the church asked him if he would sign the pledge, and he promised that he would; a pledge was drawn up, then and there, and the old man signed it. He did more; he gave his heart to Christ, and for seven years he has kept right along, all the time sober, and an exemplary Christian." Then my friend added this: "It was a mighty struggle; we thought the old man would never pull through, but we all turned out, and everybody went at it to save the old man." Of course my friend did not mean to tell me that every member of the church entered into this work, but he did mean to indicate that almost everybody was interested, and tried to do something for him. The words made a deep impression upon me—"we all turned out, and everybody went at it to save the old man."

Of course my friend did not mean to tell me that every member of the church entered into this work, but he did mean to indicate that almost everybody was interested, and tried to do something for him. The words made a deep impression upon me—"we all turned out, and everybody went at it to save the old man."

Another character has interested me. He is our sexton, Daniel, we call him. He was born and raised a slave. He is now a freeman, he says, in a double sense, "Massa Lincoln" and "Massa Lawd Jesus" both "set" him free. He is one of the most thorough-going, honest, enthusiastic Christians. Somebody, the other evening spoke of "backsliding," the folly of it, the reproach and shame. By and by Daniel arose. This was his speech: "Bredren, when I was sexton over ter Binghampton, in Brother Haynes' church, de bredren said I couldn't be de sexton dar and not backslide. Dey said dat ebbery sexton what dey ever hab in dat chuch backslide for shun; couldn't help it. But bredren, I tell you dat I wouldn't backslide. I neber did, nuther, bredren, and I won't. Why, fo' I'd eber leave Jesus, or eber backslide, I wouldn't take and leave de chuch fust, dat's what I would."

Before I would leave Jesus, or backslide, I would just leave the church. That was Daniel's idea, and with that sentence he closed his white teeth firmly, and sat down. I said aloud, "Amen!" then added: "I wish every member of a Baptist Church in the United States would adopt that rule, and just leave the church, before one of them should backslide."

That poor colored man spoke wiser and better than he knew. It would be a blessing to the cause of God, a relief beyond comparison, a saving of tears, sorrows, and anxieties, which are the bane and burden of God's dear people, if those who must and will backslide would leave the church before they take the first step.

The great trouble at present is, hundreds in the churches prefer to stay in slide while they wound the Lord Jesus in the house of professing friends. Would God it were otherwise.

IN GENERAL.

In general, there are scores of items which come to me now as the lessons of revival hours. Let me mention some of them.

A revival may often begin in the Sabbath school, and work out into the homes of the church, when the church, as such, is cold and almost lifeless. Payson Hammond used to say: "Give me some kindling-wood, and I will start the fire." By that he meant, "Get the children to come to Christ, and they will draw or influence the parents." "A little child shall lead them." I asked a gentleman, the other day, about a little ten-year-old daughter: "Why, if she thinks she is converted, doesn't she go forward in baptism?" "She is waiting for her mother," was the reply.

Again: We have learned that it will not do to wait until the membership is all revived, and every sore spot is healed, before God's people work for revival.

The presence of God and the healing influence of the Holy Spirit will soonest heal the wounds and troubles of Israel. Likewise, we have discovered that one or two young converts, with hearts full of love to Christ, and with the strength of a new purpose in the life, will sometimes do more in bringing men and women to Jesus than half a dozen older and more experienced Christians.

Once more: We have learned that the ways of God in revival are a continual disappointment to the narrow faith of men. For example: We placed our thoughts upon some particular ones who seemed so near to the kingdom, and prayed for them, preached to them, worked for them; but, while they were waiting, others went down into the pool, and were healed. Thirty or forty persons whom we did not think of, who seemed far beyond our reach, have been for days singing the songs of redeeming love, while those who most interested us at first, are apparently just where they were. "Thou canst not tell which shall prosper, this one or that." And this, too, we have learned: That a "dancing society," run in the interest of an institution that calls itself "The Church," and made to minister by its gains to the payment of the church debt, that such a thing is a great foe to revivals. "Lord, be merciful to (them) miserable sinners!"

But the work has been quiet, deep, effective, and will be far-reaching and lasting in results. To Him be the glory.

### NAGA HILLS.

BY MRS. M. M. CLARKE.

It is now a little more than a year since our genial friend, Rev. C. D. King—our last winter guest—was with us and wrote to the JOURNAL AND MESSENGER something of our field and our work. Perhaps not a few of its Indian readers recognized in the pioneer of this mission enterprise one formerly associated with the late Rev. M. G. Clarke in the *Witness*, and in the later years of that paper, sole editor.

During Mr. Clarke's residence in these hills of nearly six years, it has not been safe until within the last year and a half—scarcely so now—to travel about from village to village in this country of war; and not until quite recently have I ventured further than our nearest Naga village neighbor, two and a half hours distant.

At Merangkong, the village to which Mr. King referred as seeking for a Christian teacher, our Assamese assistant, Godhula, with his wife, has been laboring for nine months past. In giving them this preacher the village agreed to abandon aggressive warfare, protect this teacher of the new religion, and some were even ready to express a desire for a personal Savior. Ten or twelve men now give satisfactory evidence of conversion, and many others declare they have abandoned the old worship and call themselves Christians. But during these months of faithful labor, Satan has been busy in stirring up opposition against Christianity, making special use of a real *Ishmael* in the camp, also of an unfortunate event that occurred about three months ago. A party of Merangkong men, while on a fishing excursion a long distance from their homes, were surprised by some warriors of an old hostile village and their chief barek (head man) killed, the rest escaping. This untoward event inflamed the old war passions of many of the Merangkong men and they determined, according to Naga custom, to speedily enter the war arena and avenge this murderous deed. But Godhula succeeded in restraining them from any retaliatory act. To advise further in this matter, to stay up Godhula's hands as well as to look after the work generally, was the occasion of our recent visit over there, a day's journey of which I now write.

Wild elephants have been the civil engineers of these paths from mountain ridge to mountain ridge, whose highest, roughest, ruggedest, most formidable peaks are the sites chosen for the homes of these men of war, as being the more easily fortified and guarded against an enemy. About 9:30 A. M. our train was made up ready for a start. My husband on foot, I borne on a Naga's back, a broad, bark barrel passing up across his forehead attached to my strong bamboo chair made expressly for traveling here—the only mode of conveyance that will answer in these paths for those unable to follow my husband's example. Then came two of my best school-girls who are to help me in work among the women; my relief corps of four bearers; others followed, each man with a piece of luggage on his back—as all of our requirements save a house must be taken with us; a few more for company, or availing themselves of the security of a crowd to go on their own business, made up the procession. It was indeed a picturesque sight as we filed through the jungle; the bright red spears of the Nagas, the handles of their *das* (answering to the Indian's hatchet), decorated with long tufts of hair dyed red and yellow; some with their best hats made of bamboo splints trimmed with tassels of the same bright colored hair, hogs' bristles and wild boar tusks—all these making a striking contrast with the deep, dark green foliage that lined our pathway.

For two or three miles through successive rice cultivations (the Nagas till one piece of land only two years) we had little to encounter save now and then the trunk of a large tree to be crawled under or climbed over; occasionally one having fallen lengthwise, our path was utilized as an elevated track. Descending a hundred steps out in the earth and edged with wood by the Nagas, and ascending as many more, takes us through a deep mountain cleft. On leaving the clearings and plunging into the grand old forest, I copy briefly from notes made by the way. "For some

distance we take a new route, recently opened as a short cut through a perfect wilderness; frequent traces of its inhabitants are found. Here is where a wild elephant has taken its breakfast on bamboo sprouts; a little further on we find where the wild hog has returned to its wallowing in the mire; bear and tiger tracks are unmistakable; the chattering of monkeys in the tree enlivens our way. Here, on our path where an obscure trail crosses it at right angles, was found a *peace notice* left by a war party which had recently passed. This notice consisted of a new *pongee* (a bamboo splint) stuck in the ground with its top broken; by the side of it were a beetle nut and *pan* leaf which the people of the country here chew as some do tobacco at home. The broken *pongee* indicated that, though once at war with our village, they now desired to be friends; and the beetle nut meant that they wished to eat it together with our villagers, which act is regarded by both the people of the hills and the plains as a token of sincere friendship.

"We enter a tunnel out through a dense entanglement of fallen bamboos and woody vines; unfortunately it was measured to the height of a Naga crawling through and we must wait for it to be heightened to permit my passage. I need to hold well onto my hat. A little after emerging from this, one cries out, 'off the track!' We halt; a detachment is sent to the front and rear; only a fork in our path—and we soon come out all right. Down a little pearly stream we go under a perfect bower of bamboo and vines. Nature has beautified even these forsaken wilds; pretty ferns and plants, delicate creepers twine about the tree bodies and mount upward to the branches. 'Hark! we hear the roaring waters of the river as we approach its banks—our half-way house between the village we have left and our destination. The stream looks formidable; it is rather broad, its bed of smooth, slippery stones, and current strong. I sit tight and hold my breath; we crawl up the opposite steep shore and are safe."

For the remaining half of our journey we took the more public highway of Merangkong—a well-cleared path. Winding along the steep hillside a half-dozen places were pointed out to me as favorite localities for war parties lying in ambush. These, usually accessible by some blind track through the dense jungle, are on the upper side of the path where there is a deep gorge and almost impenetrable jungle on the lower side, thus making difficult the escape of the party attacked. Such lurking-places are kept well cleared for some distance back of the main path. My bearers are growing very weary and watch anxiously the coming of the Merangkong men to meet us. Two *bareks* (head men of the village) appear, whereupon some of our party ask, "Where are your young men? What kind of Christians are you over here that you do not come to meet the *Mem sahiti*?" As we approach the base of their mountain, help awaits us. It is almost like looking perpendicularly up to look at the top of this steep, rugged peak, and I ask, "Can we make it?" Much labor has been bestowed on this path, a zigzag course taken, for it is one much used, especially when their cultivations are on this side, when the year's rice must all be lugged up on Naga's backs. In about an hour and a half we attain the heights, and I am borne triumphantly through the gateway of the stockade, past the sentinels in the watch tower, into the village.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

### THE CHRISTIAN INDEX SAYS:

Prof. Allan Curr is lecturing and preaching at Atlanta to large and delighted audiences. He sustains well the reputation won in the North, in Canada, England and Scotland.

Sustaining "the reputation won at the North," is he? Well, what kind of a reputation is that? Seems to us that we have heard something of Rev. (Prof.?) Allan Curr before. Just ask him about Mrs. Curr and a few other things, and then write to Major H. M. Robert, at Milwaukee, and some other brethren of Wisconsin, or Dubuque, Iowa, and find out about his "reputation won at the North." Go slow, good Index.

### THE SPIRITS TRIED.

When will all our churches become so rooted and grounded in the blessed doctrines of the cross that the wild vagaries of modern Spiritism will not disturb them?

We record a fact: Several members of a certain evangelical church (not Baptist) were holding a "seance," under the direction of an expert medium from abroad. The door chanced to be unlocked, and a stranger accidentally surprised them. The charism was suddenly broken; the distinguished medium was thrown into a strange paroxysm which seemed to threaten her life. As this event occurred quite recently, and not a thousand miles from Lake Erie, we are strongly tempted to submit a few simple questions:

1. Do the facts of Spiritism demand serious attention?
2. Are the fruits of Spiritism, on the whole, good or evil?
3. If evil, how should churches deal with members who embrace its doctrines?
4. In what respects are ancient demonism and modern Spiritualism alike? Or, are they radically dissimilar?

W.



## Journal and Messenger.

WEDNESDAY, FEB. 22, 1882.

## "C. E. B."

## Our Cable Roads.

We have in San Francisco three lines of street-cars that are operated by stationary engines. The wire cable runs under the center of the track, and an iron arm from the car reaches down from the car to it. When the hand at the end of this arm grasps the cable, the car goes up the grade. When the hand lets go, the car stops, and if not held by the brakes, will run down hill. The cable is moving all the time. The engine that keeps it in motion is a powerful one, and the conductor of a car has only to push a lever, which presses the iron hand upon the cable, in order to start his car and keep it in motion. As we have here no snow or ice, our cable roads are never obstructed, and they are the admiration of all who visit us.

I do not wonder that Mr. Moody and Major Whittle found in these cable roads an excellent illustration of faith in Christ. He is an unseen but mighty Savior. He is always waiting to be gracious. We have only to believe in him, to take hold upon him, in order to be saved. But there is one fact in connection with these roads that seems to me specially suggestive, and to which I have seen, as yet, no reference; the working cable, though out of sight, is under the middle of an iron track; no car can derive any motive power from that cable until it comes upon the track. A score of cars might be brought to California Street, and be pushed to and fro while their conductors moved the levers, and tried to get hold upon the cable. But they would all fall unless they were brought into a definite position—unless their wheels rested upon the iron rails of the track. When in that position, there is no trouble in grasping the cable and beginning to ascend.

How many fail to get hold of the power of God in the gospel, because they do not realize that there is a track. They think that because salvation is free, it is like the air or the sunshine. They imagine that if they want it, and are willing to receive it, they have only to say so, and it will come to them without any action or effort on their part. Hence we find in inquiry meetings persons who say, "I want to be a Christian. I am waiting for God to convert me. I can't convert myself. The power is his, and he will exert it in my behalf if he wants to save me." These persons are feeling after God as vaguely as the heathen did who had no Bible. The gospel track is the word of God. He has given us revelations of truth and duty as definite as those iron rails on California Street. When he says, "Come unto me," "Search the Scriptures, for they testify of me," "If any man will do his will, he shall know of the doctrine," he teaches that we are not to be passive recipients of salvation; but to meet certain necessary conditions, to bring ourselves in connection with the power that saves, by studying the Bible, by repenting of sin, and by trying to serve God. It is not enough to go to church and hear about the gospel. A man might stand on California Street all day, and listen to the noise which the moving cable makes, and receive no benefit from it. He might hold on to his hand and say that he is willing to have the cable come and take hold of it; but he would only be laughed at for his folly. The power is in the middle of the track, and there only can he get hold upon it.

The great trouble with multitudes is, that they don't want to deny themselves, or to make any earnest effort in order to be saved. It may be well for such persons to study these analogies. It is the grip of faith that saves. But we can not take hold of Christ with a living faith until we come to him where he is revealed. And we can not come to him there, in his word, without the spirit of penitence and obedience. These we may call the two iron rails that form the track on which the car of salvation must run.

## Eighty Pounds of Lead.

During the war it was stated again and again, that it required about eighty pounds of lead to kill or wound a man. Scarcely one bullet in a thousand did any execution. I have heard this fact applied to the spiritual conflict. There is a great deal of ammunition that seems to be wasted. A great many sermons are preached that make apparently no impression; a great many faithful pastoral visits appear to be in vain. Good men are tempted, sometimes, to feel that they are spending their strength "for naught and in vain." But I don't believe that any earnest effort to do good fails. I have just come across a historical fact which may encourage some despondent workers.

## The Battering Ram.

The celebrated architect, Sir Christopher Wren, had to remove an ancient and massive wall in clearing the ground for St. Paul's Cathedral. The problem was, how to batter down that wall. He thought of the old Roman battering-ram. He had one built, and set a gang of men to work it. They battered the wall vigorously all day, but made no apparent impression. They wanted to stop. But the architect said: "Go on." They did go on next day, a third, a fourth, and I think, a seventh day, before there was any sign of a fissure in the wall. Then, all at once it began to crack, to tremble, to totter, and it soon fell.

Sir Christopher said that the very first blow of the ram made an impression, and weakened the wall. Every subsequent blow carried on the work. There was real progress all the while, though there was no visible sign of it. The result was sure, if the operation was continued long enough.

Is it not so when we batter with truth against the hoary walls of error? Even if we see no immediate results, there may

be a weakening and trembling visible to angels and to God. Our business is not to watch for results, and grow impatient or despondent when they fail to appear; but to go on doing our duty, to strike with all our might for the truth, and for God, believing that we can not fail. That incident of the battering-ram has encouraged me, and I hope that it will encourage others. How long and patiently the early Christians battered the walls of the old Roman and Grecian idolatry! In due time it fell. And so will fall Romanism and infidelity, and everything that exalts itself against God. And so will fall the pride and the unbelief of men's hearts, if we keep pressing them with the gospel. We shall see hereafter that much of the hard work that we went over as in vain was the best work for the Master that we ever did.

Let us then remember the law of physical forces that is illustrated in this case of the battering-ram. It is a law of moral forces, too. And added to it, for the encouragement of the Christian worker, is the promise that the Spirit will work with us, and that the result is sure.

SAN FRANCISCO, Feb. 1, 1882.

## BROOKLYN AT SABBATH-SCHOOL.

Of all places where the people might be likely to need the impetus of a Sabbath-school Institute, to lift them up in their work, perhaps Brooklyn would be the last selected. That City of Churches, and specialists in the work, with its wide-awake Sabbath-school Teachers' Union, holding regular meetings for primary, intermediate and Bible-class teachers, every week; having special lectures, pertaining to Sabbath-school methods, each month, or often; in short, for that city which is already "exalted to heaven in point of privilege," to send out its call for a four days' Sabbath-school Institute, struck some of us as remarkable. Yet, true to the usual course of things, it was these privileged workers who appreciated all their privileges, and constantly thronged the meetings, with such an eager appetite for food that they were in themselves a grand stimulus to lookers-on.

Well, the bill of fare was tremendous! And strange to say, with one single exception—and that caused by a sudden and deep affliction in the family of one of the workers—was carried out as printed. Who ever knew of a similar experience in a crowded programme, outside of Chattanooga?

Hanson Place Baptist Church was the place of meeting. A large, well appointed building, with all the convenient accessories, in the shape of committee-rooms, and the like, that the modern Sabbath-school gathering needs, as much as a main audience-room. This latter seated anywhere from twelve to fifteen hundred people, according to the estimate of the one who happened to ask. Any way it was large; large enough to give two or three hundred people gathered in it the appearance of having met for "push in the corner." When I tell you that not once during the sessions did that church present the appearance of having other than a fine audience, you will see how the Brooklyn people have been educated. Especially would this be the case were I to take time to tell you of the numerous outside attractions that were being offered the public at the same time. A large city is one of the worst places in the world for gathering a week-day audience; they have so many, and such scattered interests. The chances are that the larger portion of the city will not hear of a special meeting until after it is closed and the people gone. Evidently, in this instance, efficient advertising had been done.

George F. Pentecost gave us a delightful, and to me, original, exposition of the word "chosen," as it is used in the Bible, taking for his starting point the text: "Many are called, but few are chosen." Mr. Pentecost's belief is—so far as I understood him—that the word "chosen" in the Bible never refers to a distinction between believers and unbelievers, but to a distinction between Christians; which would make the meaning of the starting verse to be: "Many are called into the kingdom, but few are singled out, as choice ones, to whom special work can be given." "Why," said the speaker, "we use the same form of word to-day. There are a multitude of Sabbath-school teachers, but few chosen or choice ones."

He cited a large number of texts in support of his belief. "And they chose Stephen." Why? Because he was the only Christian? Oh no, but because he was peculiarly fitted for the work; a man full of the Holy Ghost. Of Paul the Lord said: "For he is a chosen vessel unto me." A picked man, I have a peculiar work for him to do. The same word is used in Acts, where the apostles and elders sent chosen men of their company to Antioch.

"The thief on the cross was justified, as surely as the apostle Paul, but he was not chosen as a special servant." He called attention to the fact that we were all directed, after our choice of Christ had been made, to take heed how we built; that Peter in writing to those who "had obtained like precious faith" with himself, said: "And besides this, giving all diligence, add to your faith," etc., so that ye may be "neither barren nor unfruitful," for, "he that lacketh these things," i. e., the things acquired by diligence, "is blind, and can not see afar off." "The truth is," said Mr. Pentecost, "there are in these days a great many near-sighted Christians." Paul said, "So run that you may obtain." What? Salvation? Oh no, that you have, else you wouldn't be on the course. This is a Christian race-course. He questioned whether it was really supposed that Paul feared the possibility of being a castaway from salvation, or was speaking of the prize; and in closing he quoted the verse, "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life," to impress the solemn thought that

if his argument were correct, there was not a crown for every justified soul, not for the timid, ease-loving Christian, but for those only who gave such diligence, and so abounded in love to Christ, that he could really choose them for his special service.

Certainly the argument was biblical, and had the ring of an earnest Christian life behind it, and was calculated to set every Christian to wondering thoughtfully whether indeed he had yet been chosen, although he knew himself to have been called, and that he had accepted the call.

Dr. Meredith and Dr. Hall were the ones who might be called the special men of the Institute. Dr. Meredith occupied an evening in telling us how to conduct popular Bible-classes. It will be remembered that he is well fitted to speak on this theme, as his week-day Bible-class in Boston numbers anywhere from 1,200 to 2,000.

He gave a sparkling account of his first beginnings in a certain church with its fifty-one teachers came; then fifteen, then eleven; after that he got down to four! Gave it up, and tried another way. Didn't say teachers' meeting to anybody. Invited everybody, advertised in the papers, from the pulpit, from house to house; got twenty-five the first night! Worked hard at it, and waited, and it grew. By-and-by he had a hundred, and after that it took care of itself, so far as numbers were concerned. Said the Doctor: "As soon as you get a hundred people into the Bible-class, it will go itself. These people will talk it up."

He made his class just as nearly conversational as possible. Aimed to get people to talk, always remembering that somebody had got to talk, and if they wouldn't, he did.

To the question as to what he did with skeptics, Unitarians, etc., to guard against wasting the time in unprofitable argument, he replied that he enforced one simple rule: His Bible-class was a deliberative body, of which he was the Moderator. Everybody must address the Moderator. No talking across the class. In this way he held the reins in his own hands. He urged this rule as a necessity in all Bible-classes, especially in large ones. "Why," said he, "my class in Boston would go to pieces if I didn't enforce that rule. I had that fellow Guiteau in my class for six weeks in succession! Every crack and crazy loon that comes to Boston comes into my class; they hear of it; the people talk it up."

Another rule, important to the sustaining of a conversational method, was always to repeat from the platform a question asked, or an answer given. He had known of large classes ruined because the leader would insist on holding nice, pleasant conversations with people who were seated near the platform, which could not be heard twenty feet away.

He never wasted any of the hour devoted to the lesson on infidels and skeptics. No question as to the reality of the Scriptures, the divinity of Christ, or the personality of the Holy Ghost, was ever allowed there; it wasn't the place for them. People had to assume certain things as facts. He would make the same rule in a small, church Bible-class. He would try to get hold of the boy going home, he would follow him up through the week, he would be tender and patient with him, but he must not be allowed to waste the time of the general class.

He was asked how he got diffident people to answer questions, and he replied, "I don't get them." If I can get forty people to give an opinion on a Bible verse, I and the other thousand who haven't said anything will get more out of it than we could have got from commentaries. He calls the names of those only who will respond; he is sure, to the best of their abilities; he has a standing committee, in his own class, of thirty-six men; he did not hesitate, he said, "to call those fellows by name at any time." Still, he tried to secure general answers from the crowd. He began with very simple questions; for instance, "Where was Jesus born?" Perhaps one man near the platform answered him. And he said, "Now, that is encouraging! Isn't there but one person in this house who knows where Jesus was born? Now, all answer: 'Where was Jesus born?' And they told him, and the ice was broken."

The Doctor then took up the next lesson of the International course, and illustrated his method by an object lesson, then and there.

"After all," said a critical listener at my side—rather he said it after we reached home: "Methods are good, and that address was grand, to-night, and we all got help from it; but I tell you, a Bible-class like that needs Dr. Meredith behind it, or some other man of like power."

I don't know but there is a good deal in it. It is grand to have giants in the land, it is a grand thing to be able to hear them, now and then; but it must be admitted and remembered that we are not all giants, and that Dr. Meredith is one. I'm afraid something of the same idea must be remembered in connection with Dr. Hall. What a grand old giant he is, to be sure! And how he towered that evening in which he gave us a lecture on the Study of the New Testament! Oh, how I should like to tell you all about it! His introduction was a graceful tribute to the great company of Sabbath-school teachers, characterizing them as a body of voluntary and unpaid fellow-workers with the minister of the gospel. The New Testament, he said, was a glossary of the Old. No man could understand the long list of words like "prophet," "priest," "reconcile," "atonement," "sacrifice," etc., as they appeared in the New Testament, until he made acquaintance with the Old. "There was a reason for its very arrangement of books. Why were there four gospels? We would have put the story in one; God knew better. We

have four distinct witness-bearers of the life of Christ. Shallow critics say they don't agree. Yet if four men in court should tell exactly the same thing, in exactly the same way, the lawyers would shake their heads. At the close of the gospels, Christ goes away. We are introduced to a body called Christians, hated by the world; not Jewish, not Gentile, sustained, kept together by the truth. What will come of it? At the close comes the Revelation. It is obscure; the trumpets and the seals are unintelligible. It is as if you stood upon a hill watching two armies; you can not hear the orders, but you can see the smoke of battle. Day closes—the smoke clears away, one army is off the ground, the other occupies its place. It is so with Revelation; we can not tell what the trumpets and the seals mean, but, near the end, Satan and his army are off the ground!

"Matthew was a government officer; a Hebrew, his book was intended for Hebrews, placed nearest to the Old Testament. That it might be fulfilled which was written: 'Let John at the close repeat his text: These are written that ye might believe.'"

"It will be remembered that the 'Acts of the Apostles' is a human name. The book really tells of the acts of Jesus; its fitting place is immediately following the gospels. Study the last chapter of Acts and the first of Romans to realize how naturally the one follows the other."

Then followed a description of the peculiar characteristics of the different epistles, with brief, telling, practical sentences like the following, in regard to the epistle to Timothy: "It describes the church of fathers—what kind of men they should be, what they should do; we ought to study them more; if we did, we should have churches, where now we have but crowds."

Hebrews was described as an analysis of the Old Testament economy. The Jewish dispensation passed away as its forms, its body laid in the ground, its soul remaining. Yet the Old Testament was a series of world-wide object lessons, which the Church must study to the end of time.

One of the most marked passages in the entire lecture was when the speaker reached Revelation again, and described it as the book which gave the Church a not very definite but decided idea of its future. Said he: "Genesis looks as though God's plan was ruined! But turn to the last of Revelation. Behold, there is paradise again—the river is there, God is there, walking and talking with men, and lo! Satan is not! He is cast out forever!"

"It is such a pity," said a gentleman to me, when the work was over, and we lingered for a few good-byes.

"It is such a pity," casting a sweeping glance around the crowds in the church, "that at such gatherings the first-class teachers always come, and those who need the help, and the inspiration, and the instruction, and the enthusiasm, *anfully*, stay away!"

Isn't that the history in brief of all Sunday-school Institutes? How shall we get those who need them *anfully*, to attend? Yours truly, PANSY.

ASBURY PARK, N. J., 1882.

## HAWTHORNE'S WIFE ON HIS DEATH.

A LETTER COPIED IN MRS. J. T. FIELD'S DIARY.

BELOVED: When I see that I deserved nothing, and that my Father gave me the richest destiny for so many years of time, to which eternity is to be added, I am struck dumb with an ecstasy of gratitude, and let go my mortal hold with an awful submission, and without a murmur. I stand hushed into an ineffable peace which I can not measure nor understand. It therefore must be that peace which "passeth all understanding." I feel that his joy is such as "the heart of man can not conceive," and shall I not rejoice, who loved him so far beyond myself? If I did not at once share his beatitude, should I be one with him now in essential essence? Ah, thanks be to God who gives me this proof—beyond all possible doubt—that we are not and never can be divided!

If my faith bear this test, is it not "beyond the utmost scope and vision of exaltation!" Need I ever fear again any possible dispensation if I can stand serene when that presence is withdrawn from me which I believed I must instantly die to lose? Where, O God, is that supporting, inspiring, protecting, entrancing presence which surrounded me with safety and supreme content.

"It is with you, my child," saith the Lord, "and seemeth only to be gone!" "Yes, my Father, I know I have not lost it, because 'I still live.' I will be glad. 'Thy will be done.' From a child I have truly believed that God was all-good and all-wise, and felt assured that no event could shake my belief. To-day I know it. This is the whole. No more can be asked of God. There can be no death nor loss for me forevermore. I stand so far within the veil that the light from God's countenance can never be hidden from me for one moment of the eternal day, now nor then. God gave me the rose of time, the blossom of the ages, to call my own for twenty-five years of human life.

God has satisfied wholly my insatiable heart with a perfect love that transcends my dreams. He has decreed this earthly life a mere court of "the house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." Oh, yes, dear heavenly Father! "I will be glad" that my darling has suddenly escaped from the rude jars and hurts of this outer court, and when I was not aware that an angel gently drew him within the palace-door that turned on noiseless golden hinges, drew him in because he was weary.

God gave to his beloved sleep. And then an awaking which will require no more restoring slumber.

As the dew-drops hold the day, so my heart holds the presence of the glorified freed spirit. He was so beautiful here, that he will not need much change to become a "shining one."

How easily I shall know him when my children have done with me, and perhaps the angel will draw me gently also within the palace door, if I do not faint, but truly live, "Thy will be done."

At that festival of life that we all celebrated last Monday, did not those myriad little white bells ring in for him the eternal year of peace, as they clustered and hung around the majestic temple in which he once lived with God? They rang out, too, that lovely incense that can come only from a lily, large or small. What lovely ivory sculpture round the edge! I saw it all, even at that breathless moment, when I knew that all that was visible was about to be shut out from me for my future mortal life. I saw all the beauty, and the tropical gorgeousness of odor that enriched the air from your peerless wreath in Paradise. We were the new Adam and new Eve again, and walked in the garden in the cool of the day, and there was not yet death, only the voice of the Lord. But indeed it seems to me that now again there is no death. His life has swallowed it up.

Do not fear for me "dark hours." I think there is nothing dark for me henceforth. I have to do only with the present, and the present is light and rest. Has not the everlasting

"Morning spread  
Over me her rich surprise?"

I have no more to ask, but that I may be able to comfort all who mourn as I am comforted. If I could bear all sorrow I would be glad, because God has turned for me the silver lining, and for me the darkest cloud has broken into ten thousand singing birds—as I saw in my dream that I told you. So in another dream, long ago, God showed me a gold thread passing through each mesh of a black plat that seemed to shut out the sun. I comprehend all now, before I did not doubt. Now God says in soft thunders.—Even so! Your faithful friend,

SOPHIA HAWTHORNE.

## EDUCATIONAL.

The Annual Catalogue of the Newton Theological Institute is at hand, and shows the school to be in a flourishing condition. The whole number of students is sixty, divided among the different classes as follows: Seniors, sixteen; Middle, twenty-six; Junior, thirteen; general students, five. By far the larger proportion of these are graduates of some twelve or thirteen different colleges. We notice, among other things, the provision of a course of familiar lectures by pastors of the vicinity, on the practical work of the ministry.

UNIVERSITY OF ROCHESTER.—The annual catalogue for 1881-2 is at hand, beautifully printed, and presenting a very satisfactory view of the condition of the school and of the work done in its classrooms and lecture-rooms. The faculty numbers a President—Martin B. Anderson, LL.D.—seven professors and three assistant professors. The students number 23 Seniors; 30 Juniors; 41 Sophomores, including 4 candidates for the degree of Bachelor of Science, and seven not candidates for any degree; 46 Freshmen, including 8 candidates for B. S. and six for no degree. In the chemical laboratory there are 37 students, 15 of whom are counted with the other classes, and thus the whole number of students is 162. The University is well provided with library, chemical apparatus and an astronomical observatory with a good telescope. Upon this latter, however, we do not set a high practical value. The mere matter of viewing stars and planets through a telescope is not an important desideratum in an educational system. It bears no comparison with philosophical and chemical illustrations. The University is well provided with scholarships and prizes which enable it to do much towards aiding young men in their work, and encouraging them to efforts towards high attainments. It is also provided with a post-graduate course and scholarships of value. The third term begins April 6, and Commencement occurs June 21, 1882.

THE ANNUAL CATALOGUE OF ROCHESTER Theological Seminary for 1881-2 is at hand. The Faculty consists of President A. H. Strong, five professors in the English Department, and two professors and one instructor in the German Department. The number of students in the full course is 34, viz.: 9 Seniors, 9 Middlers, and 16 Juniors; 17 are in a select course, and 22 in the German Department. Of these latter, however, several are engaged in the common branches, or preparatory studies.

We notice that the names of schools at which the students have studied are given, even though they may have been in attendance but a few months; yet of the whole number, 32 seem to be graduates of colleges or of schools of a high grade. At the coming Anniversary, May 14-18, the Society of Alumni is to be addressed by Rev. Wayland Hoyt, D.D., of Brooklyn; the Robinson Rhetorical Society by Rev. Francis I. Patton, D.D., of Princeton Seminary, N. J.; the Judson Society of Inquiry by Rev. W. W. Boyd, D.D., of St. Louis. All the appointments of the Seminary are in an excellent condition, and the facilities offered to students are first-class in every respect.

The Union Theological Seminary in New York is rejoicing over the recent large benefactions, sufficient to make all needed improvements in buildings. Ex-Governor Morgan has led off with a gift of \$200,000, followed by D. Willis James with \$100,000 for erecting a dormitory, Morris K. Jessup with \$50,000 for a library building, an unknown donor with \$80,000 to endow a chair in biblical theology, a bequest from Francis P. Shoals of \$50,000, with other sums ranging from \$5,000 to \$10,000 each from Messrs. W. E. Dodge, Henry Day, Russell Sage, Charles Butler and R. H. Bishop. A new chapel in memory of the late Dr. Adams is to be erected at a cost of \$50,000.

## Current Literature.

TIMOTHY TITCOMB'S LETTERS TO YOUNG People, single and married, by Timothy Titcomb.  
BITTER SWEET, a Poem, by J. G. Holland.  
GOLD FOIL, hammered from popular proverb, by Timothy Titcomb.  
LESSONS IN LIFE, a Series of Familiar Essays, by Timothy Titcomb.  
CONCERNING THE JONES FAMILY, by Timothy Titcomb.  
PLAIN TALKS ON Familiar Subjects, by J. G. Holland.  
KATRINA, a Poem, by J. G. Holland.  
THE MISTRESS OF THE MANSE, a Poem, by J. G. Holland.  
THE PURITAN GUEST, and Other Poems, by J. G. Holland.

Such are the titles of a set of books in a new and uniform edition, published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, and sold by Walden & Stowe, Cincinnati. We have placed them in the order, or nearly so, of their original publication, all but the last, between the years 1857 and 1867. The last appeared in 1877. The first, "Timothy Titcomb's Letters" is in its fourteenth edition, and several of the others have run through a large number of editions.

It is probable that, during the ten years in which these volumes were appearing, no other American author was attracting so much attention, and no other was received with greater favor. The appearance of "Timothy Titcomb's Letters" produced a sensation. The *nom de plume* was alliterative and quaint, but the matter of the letters was the quintessence of common sense, and it was presented with such force and bluntness, and yet with such honesty of purpose, as to win attention and a most hearty acceptance; and when the name of the author became known (and it could not long remain hidden) he at once became a lion in literature, and was in demand on the platforms alike of the lyceum and of the college.

BITTER SWEET was a surprise. It had not been dreamed that the author of the Titcomb Letters was a poet. The style and the subject matter of the Letters were the farthest removed from poetry, and the hard common sense which characterized them did not suggest an imagination and a sympathy productive of a poem of such length and breadth as was Bitter Sweet. As to the literary merit of the poem, critics somewhat differed, but as to the touching pathos and the sweet undertone of the work, there could be no difference of opinion. The author at once took rank among poets as well as among essayists.

GOLD FOIL was hardly less popular than the "Letters." The style and the line of thought were not dissimilar to those of the Letters, and the incisive, trenchant sentences were admired by the literary aspirant as well as by the common people. "Lessons in Life" and "Concerning the Joneses" were hardly less admired, and both produced a deep and wholesome impression upon the public mind.

LETTERS TO THE JONESES was after the style of the "Letters to the Young," and was warmly welcomed. And so volume followed volume, until, including "Miss Gilbert's Career," a novel, not included in the present list, the number of volumes arose to nine in ten years. Then there was a pause. The author became engaged in other lines of work, till he entered into the enterprise of establishing *Scribner's Monthly*, of which he was the editor until his lamented death. The moral tone of Dr. Holland's works very highly commends them. In his earlier volumes the religious element was prominent, and the positiveness with which he inculcated religious truth added greatly to the pleasure with which many perused and commended his books. It is somewhat remarkable that as he grew older—though in New York he was accustomed to sit under a ministry highly evangelical, that of Dr. Bevan in the "Brick" Presbyterian Church—he seemed to rather drift away from the moorings of his earlier faith. Still he did not renounce his allegiance to evangelical doctrine, and retained to the last the reputation of being a Christian man. His contributions to Scribner, especially his "Topics for the Times," added greatly to the value of that popular monthly; and now that we can have no more from his pen, we turn back to these volumes with a peculiar interest, and recall the pleasure with which we read most of them on their first appearance. We most heartily commend them to the young as among the most healthy and valuable books within reach. The publishers have shown excellent judgment and commendable enterprise in reproducing these volumes in so neat and so cheap a form immediately upon the death of the esteemed author.

SPAIN, By James A. Harrison, Professor of History in Washington and Lee University. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. Price \$1.50.  
This is the third volume in Lothrop's Library of Entertaining History. When we call to mind a time when the British Islands were occupied by a race of barbarians and Spain was the intellectual center of Europe—when we remember the many important events in the world's history that have occurred here, we will not turn from this volume with indifference. It is a volume of over seven hundred pages, written in an easy, fascinating style, and illustrated with more than one hundred engravings (mostly full page), besides a number of maps. It commences with Spain under the Visigoths, A. D. 350, and continues the thread of events down to the present time.

SNAP, The Ox-train Era—Early troubles of Border Trade. By T. Buchanan Price. New York: W. B. Smith & Co. Price \$1.00.  
This is a romance of Western frontier life, portraying the habits and customs of the heterogeneous characters of a Western trading post. As may be supposed, it has its full complement of deeds of daring and hair-breadth escapes from Indians and villainous white men, often not without

the loss of life. The work is dedicated by the author to his friend, Herman D. Umbstaetter, widely known to the press as the manager of the advertising department of Messrs. A. Vogeler & Co., Baltimore, proprietors of St. Jacob's Oil.

THE FORMATION OF VEGETABLE MOULD THROUGH THE ACTION OF WORMS. By Charles Darwin, LL.D., F.R.S. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co. Price \$2.00.  
To one who has never given thought to the subject, it is surprising how much of interest there is in the little, unattractive earthworm—in its habits, instincts and usefulness. In this volume Prof. Darwin has certainly given us an exhaustive treatise of the subject, discussing, not alone their habits and use, but also their physical structure and mental qualities. The work, while of interest to the general reader, will be especially appreciated by the student of natural history.

MAGAZINE OF ART for March.—"The Nuremberg Madonna." "The Madonna at the foot of the Cross." Frontispiece. "John Bagnold Burgess, A.R.A.," with portrait and two engravings. "L'Atelier-Bonnat," by Barclay Day. "Alnwick Castle," by M. Creighton, with eight engravings. "Book Decoration: Historical and Artistic," by S. W. Kershaw, with six engravings. "Belgian Art," with four engravings. "Unfulfilled Renown," by F. Cundall, with two engravings. "Colour in Dress," by L. Hemmingham. "Antique Spoons," by T. W. Greene, with four engravings. "Pictures of the Sea." "Nuremberg Art," by W. M. Conway, with ten engravings. "Byways of Book Illustration: 'Bagster's Pilgrim's Progress,'" by Robert Louis Stevenson, with twenty engravings. "A Note on Japanese Art," by W. E. H. Art Notes. American Art Notes.

The March "Popular Science Monthly" is especially attractive. The first article, by Miss Hardaker, of Boston, entitled "Science and the Woman Question," gives the most rational view of the subject that any woman has yet presented. Her aim is to fix woman's position by the laws of her constitution and her physiological destiny. "Muscular Expression of Nervous Conditions," by Dr. Francis Warner, is a most instructive paper on the action of the emotional mechanism. There is a capital article on "Sir Charles Lyell" by Grant Allen, accompanied by a portrait of the great geologist. "To Eat and to be Eaten," by Charles Morris, is a very graphic picture of Nature's remorseless ways. Mr. Le Sueur deals with "Materialism and Positivism," showing the distinction, and dissipating a good deal of nonsense about the former "ism." Mr. Larrabee's "Sirens of the Sea" is a captivating chapter on the higher forms of ocean-life. Goldwin Smith's able argument on "The Machinery of Elective Government" is given, and also discussed by the editor. Other readable and practical articles are, "Sound and Radiant Heat," by Professor Tyndall; "Effects of Lightning on Rocks and Soil," by Muenier; "Longevity of Plants," by Hildebrand; and "Soda, a Remedy for Burns and Scalds," by Dr. Peppercombe; "Quackery within the Profession" calls for some Luther to head a revolt against the corruptions of the medical church. There are an excellent sketch and a well-executed likeness of Professor B. A. Gould, the astronomer. In the department of "Entertaining Varieties" we have the first installment of the amusing and satirical allegory entitled "The Mountains of the Moon," or "Chronicles of Haimat Ben Sheytan, Mussulman Doctor and Servant of Allah." The introduction and opening chapter are striking and admirable, and give promise of a most entertaining and original series. Allegorical fiction has always been a favorite form of literature, and he who can handle its resources in these times to stimulate thought and satirize popular follies, prejudices, errors, and vices, will be sure of many readers. The editorial and miscellaneous departments of the March "Monthly" are varied, copious, fresh and practical, and the single number is worth a year's subscription.

New York: D. Appleton & Company. Fifty cents per number, \$5 per year.  
The North American Review for March presents a striking array of articles, every one of which possesses the characteristic of contemporaneous interest. First we have a contribution from Senator George F. Edmunds, on "The Conduct of the Guiteau Trial." Ex-Minister Edward F. Noyes communicates the results of his observations of political affairs in France under the title, "The Progress of the French Republic." In "Trial by Jury," Judge Edward A. Thomas describes the social conditions under which our jury system had its origin, and notes its defects in view of the altered relations of modern life. Mr. John Fiske makes an able and ingenious analysis of that great intellectual movement, the Reformation, educating therefrom the "True Lesson of Protestantism." In "Law for the Indians," Rev. William Justin Harsha endeavors to demonstrate that the one rational and effectual cure for our Indian troubles is to extend the jurisdiction of the civil and criminal courts over all the social relations of the red man. Prof. A. B. Palmer writes on the "Fallacies of Homeopathy." Finally, the Hon. Neal Dow contributes an article on the "Results of Prohibitory Legislation," demonstrating the success of the efforts to suppress the liquor traffic in Maine.

## Correction.

In our notice of P. S. G. Watson's Prophetic Interpretations some time since, we spoke of it as having no table of contents. The author calls attention to our error. The table of contents is on pages 9, 10 and 11, following matter which seems to belong to the body of the work. It was for this reason that we overlooked it. An index of passages interpreted would yet add greatly to the value of the work.

[Sheboygan Falls, Sheboygan Co., News.]

We never saw any one joyous when suffering from pain—neuralgia, for instance. In relation to this matter, Mr. Geo. Guyett, Prop. Guyett House, thus informed our representative: "I have used St. Jacob's Oil for neuralgia, and can confidently recommend it to any one similarly affected."



# Serial.

[BACK CHAPTERS OF THIS STORY WILL BE SENT TO ALL NEW SUBSCRIBERS.]

## Mrs. Solomon Smith Looking On.

BY PANSY.

CHAPTER XIX.  
LUMPS OF CLAY.

If the wooden horse in question had suddenly been endowed with life, and kicked with real earnestness, I am not sure that the face of the gentleman before us could have expressed greater astonishment. It was evidently a new experience to be faced with a direct question as to Pilgrim's Progress and personal crosses.

"I'm afraid I'm not posted," he said, with an embarrassed laugh.

"Oh, but I suppose you are posted as to your own crosses?" with a keen, questioning look out of her gray eyes.

"Still I suppose people's ideas of crosses might differ. For instance, what is yours?"

"Well," she said, meditatively, "my crosses are apt to be when I want to do something that the Lord thinks I better not. I'm dreadful strong-willed naturally, and he has to pull me up pretty strict sometimes to keep me from running all awry."

The gentleman laughed; yet his face flushed, and it was evident that he both understood and appropriated the definition of crosses. Then we gave ourselves to the business of the hour. We were still standing before the very plain, second-hand buggy; but when Mrs. Smith signified her readiness to look at "wagons," she turned away from that one without a second glance.

"That doesn't look the least bit like it," she remarked, confidently. "There's no use in wasting time on it."

The gentleman laughed pleasantly; he seemed to have discovered that he had an original character to deal with, who was worth studying. He remarked that if he only had a photograph of the sort of "wagon" she wanted, he presumed he could suit her in a much shorter time; but she said no other attention to this broad hint that she should particularize than to remark that she would pick it out pretty soon, then he could see the real thing, which was always better than a picture. She must have spent those wakeful hours of night to good purpose, for she marched down that long, long room, gazing with keen eyes on either side of her, rejecting some with a glance as "too large," others as "fussy," and others still as "not looking a bit like" the one she meant. She asked the price of none of them. Suddenly she came to a full stop before a little gem of a phaeton. What a beauty it was! Low, light, delicately finished, upholstered in a lovely soft gray, which had that singular pinky tint that reminds one of a summer sunset. Nothing in all that establishment was better suited to Lida's refined taste than the phaeton. Very few, it was true, of the simpler ones represented more money. Yet it was not showy, only tasteful. Of course I was aware that exceedingly well made, tasteful things are more expensive, the more quiet they are; but did Mrs. Smith know it?

The proprietor was evidently astonished at her choice. He waited before her in respectful silence, while the keen-eyed old lady walked around it, felt of the cushions, examined the lining, asked sharp questions about the springs and the axles, and in various other ways evinced her knowledge of carriages.

Her questions were answered, but no additional information was vouchsafed; she was evidently being studied.

"What is the very best you could do for me if I was to count you out the money for this in clean new bills?"

The gentleman looked at her, looked through her, apparently, while she steadily returned his gaze with those penetrating gray eyes of hers. Meantime I had, with a sinking heart, discovered a card hanging in an obscure corner at the back marked \$600! What would Mrs. Solomon think of that? Meantime, she waited for her answer.

"Five hundred dollars," he said, at last, forcing out the words with an explosive sound, as if they almost hurt him.

I remembered afterwards that the wonder as to whether he had found one of his crosses, in leaving off that hundred, occurred to me. But I had not much time for musing.

"I'll take it," said Mrs. Smith, in a composed tone, and she dropped into a chair, took out her old-fashioned, well-filled pocket-book, and began to look over her papers.

In undoubted and undisguised astonishment the owner of the carriage watched her. It was hardly less astonished.

"I promised you clean bills," she said, glancing up, "but I reckon you'll have to go to the bank for that; I forgot he told me I mustn't carry so much money around the streets. I don't see why, though; people wouldn't be likely to bother an old woman. I've got a paper here that he said would do just as well as money."

It was curious to me to note the change on the face of the man before us. The surprised and interested look faded rapidly, in its place came one of suspicion, an air that said, almost as plainly as words could have done: "O, ho! my pious old lady, that's your dodge, is it? I'm acquainted with it; but you almost deceived me with your gray eyes." Then she passed him up the check. Another lightning-like change of the expressive face; it was a bank check, and bore the name and firm of Earle Webster.

"This is as good as the cleanest bills you could bring," he said, with great heartiness. And immediately the minor arrangements connected with the sale were entered into.

"Checks are interesting things," said Mrs.

Solomon, with a satisfied air. She still occupied the seat into which she had dropped when she made her decision, and her mind, though alert enough for the business in hand, was still wandering off into other channels of thought. I could see it in her eyes. "I never had much to do with 'em," she continued. "It didn't seem to me that a piece of paper could be as good as the money. A promise to pay, Earle said it was. 'But they don't know me, nor Solomon,' I told him. Says I, 'If they knew Solomon, I could understand how a promise to pay would be all right; for everybody believes Solomon.'"

"I'll fix it," says he, "they know me where you are going," and he got out of his bank book, and wrote this paper. And the first thing you say when you look at it, is: 'It's as good as the gold.' Ain't that interesting now? Makes me think right away of my Master. Suppose I get up to the gates of heaven? The angels don't know me, never heard of me, most likely; but I hand them my check signed by the Lord Jesus Christ. 'Ha!' says the angel, 'I know him, and the gates swing open. I tell you what it is, sir, we want to look out for it that we have a right to use his name, don't we?'"

The gentleman was visibly embarrassed, and at the same time singularly moved. He drew out his handkerchief suddenly, and coughed, and made vigorous use of it about his face for a moment, and said in an apologetic aside to me: "I had a good old mother once."

"I hope you've made sure of living with her by-and-by." It was Mrs. Smith who spoke the words, in a quiet, matter-of-fact, indeed I might say, business-like tone. Then she gave herself fully to the business of managing in the best manner about the home-coming of her carriage; looked after her receipt, and attended to all the details in a thoroughly business way. It was evident that the man's respect for her increased every moment.

As for me, I went home a good deal bewildered. Solomon Smith's bank account must be much larger than people in his vicinity had ever imagined.

I hinted something of the feeling to his wife, and she answered me with a satisfied air to the effect that, being content with spring wagons in a place where a spring wagon would do just as well as any, had put them in a way to give a comfortable little carriage now and then to folks who needed. Which was a way of disposing of the entire subject of giving and receiving, that it struck me would be more novel than agreeable to many.

What a nice little wedding it was! Not of the common sort at all. Not in the least like the one that Laura and I had come to attend. In fact I think all the details might have been said to be unique. Nothing of the sadness which usually hovers in the background of marriages where one party is an invalid was apparent. As a rule in such cases, the shadow of an approaching separation that shall last as long as life, is upon the company. With us, the shadow had been, and was lifted. Lida was steadily progressing toward renewed health. Indeed, she had almost no drawbacks from the first. Even the sense of parting from the old ties, the going out from the childhood home, which had been strong on the mother, at least, before, had lost its sting. They had so nearly parted from her for the grave, that to be making preparation for her to go to the sunny South-land for a few weeks, and to look forward to her speedy return in health, had in it nothing but joy. So we were very joyful at the wedding. An exceedingly subdued joy, however; each member of the company was on the alert to do and say that which would least fatigue and excite the bride. Truth to tell, however, she appeared the quietest and calmest of the group—her face pale, it is true, but wonderfully reposeful, her eyes bright, but with a steady, rather than a fidgety joy. There had been no rehearsals of the ceremony; though the position of each participant was as unlike as possible to the usual one. Lida's voice, when she pronounced at last the irrevocable "I do," was as calm and self-controlled as though it was merely an outward form of what was in her mind long ago. It was Irving's face that paled, and his form that trembled, as the minister spoke those solemn words: "Until death do you part!" Death had so nearly parted them! He had hardly yet stepped shivering from the brink of the chasm. Still, he controlled himself, and gave a swift, anxious look down at the wife whose hand he clasped; excitement would tell heavily on her strength. She smiled back a reassuring answer. But his whole mind was presently absorbed in getting her comfortably settled on her sofa, and the bright blue silk Afghan thrown over her. Then, lying there like a princess, with a delicate pink beginning to flush her cheeks, we came up one by one and kissed her.

"Bless the child!" said Auntie Smith, bustling about, "she is getting red cheeks now; a little bit too red. We better slip away and leave her and her husband to a little quiet."

Then her cheeks flamed. It was the first time she had heard the new name. The feast was spread in an adjoining room, the doctor forbidding the invalid to descend the stairs, and even according a reluctant consent to her joining us with the coffee and cream. This, too, was utterly unlike the regulation wedding fare. A substantial mid-day meal, with plenty of wedding cake and ices, to be sure, but by no means confined to these ephemeral dishes. Lida's doctor had become something more than a professional friend; we had seen so much of him, and he had been so constant and persistent in his efforts, even after his hopes of saving his patient were faint, that every member of the family had come to look on him as a friend. The frail little patient had evidently won a large place in his heart; he watched over her with almost fatherly care, and became peremptory, even savage, toward those who seemed to him to

plan anything contrary to her best interests.

"There is just about as much strength there as there is in a cobweb!" he said sharply to Irving. "It is spunk, not strength, that keeps her up. Young man, you must remember that, and look out for her with the greatest care. Spunk will do a good deal, but somebody has to be behind it that has common sense to see that it isn't carried too far."

Whereupon Lida laughed. She had lost all fear of the grave and reticent doctor. Truth to tell, he had laid aside much of his professional reticence, though he was still grave enough.

"The doctor doesn't give me credit for a bit of common sense, Irving," she said gaily, "only spunk."

"You needn't put the 'only' before that word," he said quickly. "If it had not been for that you would have slipped away from us sure." Then a sweet gravity, as new as it was fascinating, came into Lida's face as she gently shook her head: "It was not that which brought me back to life, Doctor."

"No," said the Doctor, "that's true; it was good nursing. Your sunthere is to have credit, if you succeed in being a credit to us. I've seen a good deal of nursing in my day, but I must say this went a little ahead; I tell you what it is, madam, if you want to stay in the city, I can keep you employed without the slightest trouble. Young man, you have her to thank for your bride to-day."

Irving turned an eager, grateful face toward Mrs. Smith, but she was looking at Lida, and the two exchanged fond smiles that said how well they understood each other, and how far from the truth the Doctor was.

"I guess we all did this best we could," the old lady said, fixing earnest eyes on his face. "But the fact is, there was a greater than even you in that sick room, Doctor. The Lord touched her with his hand of power, as surely as he ever touched Simon's mother-in-law, that time when Simon had the sense to go to prayer-meeting and bring Jesus home with him, instead of moping at home because his folks was sick."

Everybody laughed, the Doctor with the rest, but his sharp eyes had a sarcastic gleam in them as he said: "That is a very comfortable kind of faith, hold on to it by all means; at the same time I wouldn't have given a row of pins for Mrs. Irving Leonard's life, if you hadn't hung over her for about twenty-four hours without giving yourself time to eat, or sleep, or even think."

"You're mistaken there!" she said triumphantly. "I thought all the time, and I prayed every minute. I don't suppose the Lord had that child out of his thoughts once during that day and night; I didn't give him a chance!"

This sentence seemed to amuse the Doctor again; he laughed outright, but added immediately, "Well, all I can say is, the Lord chose excellent help to carry out his designs."

"Of course he did! Why shouldn't he, when he knows all about the ends as well as the beginnings of things? That's the reason he chose you. Don't you suppose he knew what he was about when he gave you your education, and set you to doctoring the people, and gave you a special talent for studying out what to do? I don't think he ever makes a mistake with his means any more than he did when he was on earth."

"Only, wouldn't it have been a queer thing if the lump of clay that he put on the eyes of that blind man had started up and said: 'Aha! see what I can do! I gave that blind man his sight!' I tell you what it is, the lumps of clay that he uses nowadays to help have got tongues, and are everlastingly taking the praise to themselves. It's one of the marks of his great patience that he bears it so well. But I don't want to be one of them, Doctor. I did the best I could, because I loved the child, and because my feet, and hands, and brain belong to him anyhow, and I'm bound to do the best I can with his tools wherever he sets me to work; but as for claiming the honor, why, dear me, I wouldn't dare to do it. It's honor enough for a lifetime to be used. Sometimes, Doctor, I'm dreadful afraid that you don't know anything about the joy of being used by Him."

It was an aside sentence, intended only for the Doctor's ears. Standing near him as I was, I heard it, and saw the sudden flush that mounted to his forehead, and noted the sudden hush of his voice, as he said: "I wish I did, madam, I wish I did."

"Mamma," said Laura, as we packed one of the Southern bound trunks together late that evening, "she is certainly very different; before she was so excited and nervous that it was almost impossible to do anything to please her; but she has been just as sweet as a snowdrop all through this trying time. There is a great difference; but, oh, dear me! I know it won't last!"

It really seemed as though Laura was waiting with a sort of feverish anxiety for Lida to make a failure of it in order that she might be justified in remaining as she was. It was evident that Mrs. Smith had the same thought. She turned from the closet where she was folding clothes for the trunk, and looked with those grave eyes of hers full at Laura, who seemed to have forgotten that she was in the room.

"Child," she said, the utmost earnestness in voice and manner, "whether that poor little girl down-stairs makes out to live the sort of life you think she ought to or not, don't you think Jesus Christ lived it? Now, there's one thing I want to know: Did he ever say to you, 'Take Lida Smith for your pattern, and if she fails you are justified?'"

Faded or gray hair gradually recovers its youthful color and luster by the use of Parker's Hair Balsam, an elegant dressing, admired for its purity and rich perfume.

## KING ALFRED AND THE ORPHAN.

KING ALFRED was sitting one day in his palace, dispensing justice, and surrounded by his barons, or thanes—as the nobles of the country were called in those days—when, as his eye glanced over the assembled group, he observed that the place of one faithful servant was vacant, and, in answer to his inquiries as to the cause of the absence of the Earl of Holderness, he was informed that the noble thane and his lady had both died a short time previous. Before the monarch could express his grief, his informant, the warrior Wulph, proceeded to ask Alfred to confer on him the estates of Holderness (that part of Yorkshire lying between the mouth of the Humber and the German Ocean) as a reward for his prowess in war. Instantly another noble, the wise Thurston, spoke:

"Nay, king, it would be more just to bestow them on me, for dost thou not remember how, when at thy command, I crossed the sea, my wisdom was of more avail at the Danish court than all the warlike skill and bravery of Wulph?"

At that moment a door at the far end of the room opened, and a pale, tall woman entered, leading by the hand a lovely boy, whose flaxen hair, blue eyes, and fair complexion, plainly showed his Saxon origin. With difficulty she pressed through the throng of anxious and excited nobles, until she stood before the monarch himself; then, bending low, she said:

"O gracious king, I ask that justice may be done to this boy, the only child of the late Earl of Holderness and the Lady Alice. He has no father now to defend him, no mother to care for him, but orphaned and utterly friendless, he looks to thee for protection. His is the orphan's claim—O king, regard it!"

Here she was interrupted by one of the thanes, who angrily exclaimed:

"His claim, forsooth! What dost thou think then that our king needs the services of babes such as that? No; in these troubled times, when our Danish foes are threatening us on all sides, we want men with active bodies, stout arms, and brave hearts. If the lands of Holderness be given to that child, even though he were the lawful heir, say, what could he do to guard his country?"

The little fellow lifted his bright blue eye to the stern speaker, and replied, "I would pray to God in heaven!"

The good King Alfred—than whom a nobler or better never sat on England's throne—looked earnestly first at the upturned face of the boy, then upon his thanes, who were anxiously awaiting the royal decision, and, rising, said, slowly and solemnly:

"The king will gladly give all praise and due reward to the faithful thanes who have served him so well in times of need, but the estates of Holderness must be restored to this child, for they are his by birthright, and his claim—the orphan's claim—is before all other; his Father is God, who reigns in heaven."—*British Workman.*

AN ILLUSTRATION.

"Put thou my tears into a bottle," is the touching prayer of the Psalmist. He who notes the sparrow's fall will not overlook the eyes that weep. The Psalmist probably alludes to a custom which still prevails in Persia, as of old. They bottle up their tears in the following manner: As the mourners are sitting around and weeping, the master of ceremonies presents each one with a piece of cotton wool, with which he wipes off his tears. This cotton is afterward squeezed into a bottle, and the tears are preserved as a powerful and efficacious remedy for reviving a dying man, after every other means has failed. It is also employed as a charm against evil influences. The practice alluded to is now universal, as is found by the tear bottles which are found in almost every ancient tomb; for the ancients buried them with their dead as a proof of their affection. There is a fair land where all tears shall be wiped away. Reader, are you going thither?—*Anon.*

The long-promised big bell for St. Paul's Cathedral, in London, has been cast. Twenty-one tons of metal were used in the operation, and from three furnaces liquid streams were pouring for four and three-quarter minutes before the huge hole in the sand was filled. When dug out, the bell weighed 17½ tons, which makes it the largest bell in England and one of the largest in Europe. Following are the weights of other famous bells: The first big bell at Westminster, 15 tons 8 cwt.; the second 2 tons lighter; Great Peter at York Minster, 10½ tons; Great Big of Lincoln, 5½ tons; the previous big bell of St. Paul's, 5½-10 tons; that of Olmutz, 17 tons 18 cwt.; Vienna, 17 tons 14 cwt.; Erfurt, 13 tons 15 cwt.; Sens, 13 tons; Paris, 12 tons. It will not be possible to take the new bell to London by rail; it must go by horse road.

If you feel the need of having a pistol in your pocket, you are a miserable coward. If you are afraid to go down the street unarmed, you had better get your grandmother with her knitting needles to go with you. A pistol is the meanest and most infernal weapon ever invented. It is the weapon of a sneak. I would as soon carry a toad in my vest pocket.—*Rev. T. De Witt Talmage.*

It is said that the Ohio Legislature has a good temperance majority. It is, therefore, only necessary to bring wise and adequate bills on that question to a vote to insure their passage. The success of temperance legislation is in danger of defeat from the great number of defective bills and the want of concurrent action. The Cincinnati Sabbath Committee have heretofore done valuable service in helping to mold reformatory legislation. One member is doing valuable service, but we have not heard of any recent aggressive work by the committee as a body.

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## Farm and Garden.

AGRICULTURAL ITEMS.

Prof. Voelcker says: "Bones are the first manure which a farmer usually buys, and which farming communities demand. Wherever agriculture is improved throughout the world the first lack of the farmer is phosphates. The easiest source of supply is bones, and until that lack has been supplied in the soil does he begin to search for ammoniacal manures."

Corn and oats ground up together afford an excellent feed for horses, if the mixture be fed with hay or wheat straw, the latter furnishing the requisite bulk. Ten pounds of oat straw will make three fair rations or one day's food for an average horse having moderate exercise.

In Congress, the House committee on agriculture is considering estimates for the agricultural appropriation bill. The commissioner asks for \$100,000 for collecting and distributing monthly statistical reports. Last year the appropriation was \$10,000. There is a strong disposition on the part of several members of the committee to increase the appropriation, so that the department may inform farmers as to the condition of the crops throughout the country, in order that they may have the benefit of the knowledge now monopolized by the boards of trade, that they may judge for themselves whether to hold or sell their grain.—*Farmers' Review.*

There should be in connection with the compost heap on every farm two other piles—a lumber and a wood pile. Nearly everything should find its way to one of these. Material which can not be made useful as lumber for repairing fences or buildings should be carted to the wood pile, where it can be consumed and gotten out of the way. This is a much better plan than to allow such debris to lie around in the way and rot as it usually does without being turned to any account. Brush is too often left to rot, taking years to accomplish it, when it might be burned up, the ashes more than paying for the trouble, instead of becoming a seed-bed for the thistles, and other noxious weeds which will be spread over the farm. A great deal of pains are often taken to throw brush into the highway, where it is an eyesore for every one with neat tastes. Such farmers can not appreciate the fact that ashes are a most valuable fertilizer, the good effects of which on the soil will continue for a lifetime.—*N. Y. Weekly Tribune.*

A compost heap may be made a comfort as well as a profit on every farm. It is a satisfactory feeling to have a place to get rid of the litter and rubbish which accumulates around the farm. The compost heap when once started will be the natural receptacle for all such stuff, which too often is left to lie around and deface the premises, giving them a shiftless and untidy appearance. It would surprise a farmer who has never had a compost heap to see how fast it would grow in extent, and how much more cleanly his yards and fields would be, if he made it a rule to cart what would otherwise be waste material to this one place of deposit. A load of muck or dirt should now and then be scattered over the surface to hasten decay and to absorb escaping gases. The contents could be made much richer by adding the house slops which are generally thrown on the ground, where they are wasted and frequently give rise to unpleasant odors about the dwelling. When a farmer takes the pains to save everything which will enrich his land and increase its products, he is doing a wise thing, and this will scarcely ever be done unless he starts a compost heap. Empty wagons returning from the fields and the woods can often be filled in a few minutes with material which may be deposited on it and in a short time will make valuable manure.

To keep machinery from rusting take one-half ounce of camphor; dissolve in one pound of melted lard; take off the scum and mix it in an iron color. Clean the machinery and smear with this mixture. After twenty-four hours rub clean with a soft linen cloth. It will keep clean for months under ordinary circumstances.

Specimen copies of the JOURNAL AND MESSENGER will be sent at once to any person who will distribute them and try to extend the circulation of the paper.

[New York Union.]

DID HIM GOOD.

Mr. Charles H. Bower, editor of the above paper and Notary Public, in a late issue mentions the following: "Patrick Kenny, Esq., some time ago suffered much from rheumatism and tried almost every remedy to rid himself of this painful evil, but in vain. He was advised to use St. Jacob's Oil, which he did so successfully that all pain has left him, and he is as healthy and strong as ever before. Mr. Kenny is an enthusiastic advocate of St. Jacob's Oil, and it has done him good."

ROBERT'S

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## Farm and Garden.

AGRICULTURAL ITEMS.

Prof. Voelcker says: "Bones are the first manure which a farmer usually buys, and which farming communities demand. Wherever agriculture is improved throughout the world the first lack of the farmer is phosphates. The easiest source of supply is bones, and until that lack has been supplied in the soil does he begin to search for ammoniacal manures."

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## Journal and Messenger.

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WEDNESDAY, FEB. 22, 1882

In all discussions of the case of Mr. Morton and the Second Baptist Church, St. Louis, it should be distinctly remembered that the thing which was said to be performed by the church on that memorable occasion was not an ordination. The argument does not turn on the question whether imposition of the hands of a presbytery is essential to an ordination. There was no denial that, in ordination, the imposition of hands should be observed. The question was, is it needful that, coming to the Baptists from the Presbyterians, Mr. Morton be reordained, or ordained to the ministry as a Baptist? And it was decided by the church, and agreed to by the participating brethren, that all that was needful was that he be "recognized" as a Baptist minister, and the services held were services of "recognition." The sermon, prayer, and hand of fellowship, etc., were in "recognition" of his standing as a Baptist minister. It is impossible to recognize a thing that has no existence, and therefore these brethren must have held that Mr. Morton was already a Baptist minister before these exercises took place; and if so, he must have been a Baptist minister immediately on rising from the water of baptism. And thus we are forced to the conclusion, following the authority of these brethren, that all that is needful to make a Methodist, a Presbyterian, a Universalist, a Unitarian, or an Episcopal minister, into a Baptist minister, is that he persuade some Baptist Church to admit him to baptism. No more need be said.

The statistical table made up for the forthcoming Baptist Year Book (when shall we have it?) gives proximate aggregates as follows: Baptist Associations in the United States, 1,165; churches, 26,373; ordained ministers, 16,514; baptisms, 31,570; received by letter, 33,474; by experience, 4,166; restored, 10,365; losses by death, 16,837; by letter, 36,816; exclusion, 20,764; erasure, 6,602; total membership, 2,336,022. As compared with last year's report, the number of associations is 25 more; of churches, 318 more; of ministers, 82 less; of baptisms, 21,154 less; of letters received, 7,225 less; of experiences, 957 less; of restoration, 1,783; deaths, 826 less; letters granted, 5,887 less; exclusions, 4,545 less; of erasures, 1,252 less; total membership, 39,695 more. Two or three things here shown are causes for congratulation, viz.: the increase in the number of churches, and the decrease in the number of deaths, dismissals by letter, exclusion and erasure, and the evidence of continued growth. But, on the other hand, there are things over which we have occasion to mourn, and which ought to humble us greatly; moderating our rejoicings over the increased aggregate of membership, and chief among these is the great number of exclusions and erasures. These added together make 26,366, over against 91,935 baptized and restored. That is to say, more than one-fourth as many were cast out of our churches by disciplinary measures as were received into it during the year. If it is said that the ratio is greater because the number baptized during the year under consideration was smaller than usual, we refer to the figures of the year before, and find that the whole number added by baptism and restoration was 114,827, and the number removed by exclusion and erasure was 32,163, a ratio hardly more favorable—more than one-fourth still.

We stop to ask what this means. And to answer that, in our judgment, it means that there is either great laxity in the receiving of members, or great neglect in training the young converts for usefulness and happiness in the Church. And we venture to say, still further, that the sections and the churches where there is the largest number of exclusions are those in which the religious life is lowest, and where there is the least care and faithfulness in the exercise of discipline. Is it possible that with any proper care in the examination of converts one out of every four will turn out a deceiver or deceived? We can not believe it. These figures should be pondered and should lead to prayerful thought and a reform in the habits with regard to the reception of candidates for baptism, and the training of the young converts by pastors and older members.

There is in Indiana an organization known as the Freedom and Right Society, composed, for the most part, of liquor dealers and manufacturers, whose object it is to prevent legislation in favor of temperance, and to secure, as far as possible, acts favorable to the liquor interests. It is now said that for some time past the leaders of this Society have been in communication with leading politicians, and have succeeded in committing them to a policy by which the Democratic party in the State is to become the special champion of the liquor interests. We are not able to speak from personal knowledge, but the report is so circumstantial that there seems to be good reason for believing it to be correct. The friends of temperance will do well to be on the alert, and it is to be hoped that no party affiliations will cause a friend of the temperance cause to become practically its enemy.

## \*THE MINISTRY OF HEALING.

This is the title of a somewhat remarkable book, in which the author argues for the continuance of miraculous power in the Church even to the present day. Dr. Gordon has given to the subject a great deal of thought; and, having published a few years since, a small pamphlet with the same title, he has been enabled to anticipate the line of criticism and the objections to which this larger work may be subjected. The discussions called out by that essay have led him to carefully review his ground, and with honesty of purpose, which no one who knows him can call in question, to discover those things upon which his conclusions may immovably rest. We are widely misjudging if this volume is not destined to attract a great deal of attention, and to call out articles, *pro* and *con*, which will either confirm the more common view, viz.: that the day of miracles is past, or establish the view held by the author, that the promise of a healing power to be bestowed upon "them that believe" is a perpetual legacy of the Lord Jesus running contemporaneously with the promise of salvation through faith and baptism. We have space in this article only to sketch a brief outline of the argument as presented by the able author:

After a discussion of the question and its bearings in general, and showing that it is not one of human opinion merely, but one of fact, supported by Scripture testimony, he proceeds to summon the testimony of Scripture, and to show that the Lord Jesus was not simply a sin-bearer, but, by the same authority and by corresponding testimony, he was a sickness-bearer; he not only "himself took our infirmities"—our sins—but he also "bare our sicknesses"; that, while on earth, he at one and the same time healed diseases of the body and the disease of the soul; that, in the commission given to the Eleven, as he was about to leave them, he declared, not simply that the Eleven should have power over diseases, but that the same power should also be enjoyed by those who received the word proclaimed. "These signs shall follow," not simply the Eleven, but "them that believe." "In my name \* \* \* they shall lay their hands on the sick, and they shall recover;" and he shows that this view is held by many of the ablest expositors, viz.: that it was the intention of the Lord that the powers promised here (Mark xvi. 17, 18), should be possessed by believers in all ages, and that the failure to realize it has been, and is, due not to the weakness of the promise, nor to the unfaithfulness of the Promiser, but to the weakness of "the flesh"—the same cause which rendered the Law ineffectual.

Dr. Gordon then proceeds to show that the view thus presented is not only Scriptural, but like the doctrine of the Resurrection, once established by Scripture and received by faith, it is found to bear the test of reason and to be thoroughly philosophical. Miracles are not abnormal manifestations of divine power; if they were, then they might be expected to cease; but they are strictly normal, and just what the highest reason justifies us in expecting, and the same Comforter who works in the regeneration of the soul works also in the healing of the body.

The testimony of the Church, in all the ages, is cited as confirming the view put forth, and after quotations from the Fathers, Justin Martyr, Irenaeus, Origen, Clement, Augustine, and others are made, showing what was the view and the experience of the early Church, these are supplemented by the testimony of the conspicuously pious and faithful among the Waldenses, Moravians, Huguenots, Covenanters, Friends, Baptists and Methodists, all going to show that there has never been an age in which there were not some who cherished the same view and received the answering testimony of facts in confirmation.

The testimony of theologians is cited, such as Augustine, Luther, Melancthon, Myconius, Richard Baxter, Bengel, Thomas Erskine, and Horace Bushnell.

The testimony of missions also is presented with remarkable force, showing that, in many instances, the converts from heathenism, not having learned to doubt one promise of the Lord while accepting another, and believing that, having accepted the gospel, they have, with the salvation, received the promised power, have actually wrought notable miracles, to the confounding of those who have been taught to distinguish among the promises, accepting some and rejecting others. These citations from the missionary records are exceedingly interesting.

The "testimony of the adversary" is to the effect that miracles—especially the miracle of healing—are a mighty power in the convincing of men to-day, and therefore, as the magicians of Pharaoh imitated the miracles of Moses, so do these imitate the miracles of the true believers, and bear away much fruit which a faithful church ought to gather to the garner of the Lord.

The testimony of experience is that of many living witnesses of the wonderful power put forth in answer to the prayer of faith in healing those who sought bodily healing from Him who not only is the Physician of souls but who has dignified the human body, and has shown his regard for it by raising his own body as a testimony also that he will raise the bodies of all who believe in him.

After giving the "testimony of the healed," and a chapter by way of caution, the author concludes his deeply interesting work by suggesting that the prayer of faith is "an attainment which comes rather from unlearning than from learning from decrease towards childhood rather than from increase towards the stature of intellectual manhood." "The same condition holds for opening the kingdom of heaven for others as for entering it ourselves,

viz.: that we become as little children. \* \* \* And just in proportion as we are emptied of self and schooled back into that second childhood, which should follow the second birth, will God be in us most fully and act through us most powerfully. Without for a moment endorsing the book in every particular, we yet find it to be very suggestive, and soul-filling. It brings in vivid review a subject which has of late years received far too little attention, and is adapted to call back many of God's children to a reconsideration of some of the first principles of Christianity. We see no possible harm to come from the promulgation of its views, but great possible good to the individual Christian as well as to the Church at large.

SPEAKING of the proposed revival of the whipping-post the *Michigan Christian Herald* says:

Nevertheless we have authority for believing that evil men was worse and worse, and we greatly fear that there is a yet "lower depth" for every degraded man, into which such methods of punishment tend to sink him. At all events we can but regard the whipping spectacle as degrading to the merry multitude that look on.

We have no doubt that the evil man who deserves the whipping, would, if left unwhipped or put in prison, go on waxing worse and worse. That is the natural law. The prison is not reformatory. Of the two, we had rather trust the whipping post. But the spectacle did the *Herald* stop to think of the hanging spectacle? Yet not long since it spoke of the need of a return to it in Michigan. But it would have the hanging done privately. So would we, and the whipping too.

## The Arkansas Evangelist.

THE JOURNAL AND MESSENGER and the *National Baptist* are not alone in their desire to have bettering and reformatory punishment inflicted upon depraved criminals. The argument that the whipping-post is too degrading is without force, at least so far as the criminal is concerned. Men commit crimes infinitely more degrading than any mode of punishment can be. Nothing can degrade a man by shutting him up in prison and boarding them at public expense is what many of them want. Killing them is no punishment, but corporal pain inflicted by law and labor are a punishment that will both deter from crime and reform the sinner.

Yes, it is about time that the small talk about degrading criminals of certain classes—wife-beaters, petty thieves, tramps, and that ilk—ceased. The whipping-post is the place for them and would prove the greatest practical reformer.

As foreshadowed in the JOURNAL AND MESSENGER two weeks ago, Rev. Dr. Sewall S. Cutting died of paralysis at the residence of his son in Brooklyn, N. Y., on the 7th inst. He was born at Windsor, Vt., Jan. 19, 1813, and at the age of fourteen, became a member of the Baptist Church in Westport, N. Y. When eighteen years of age he entered Waterville College, where he remained two years, finishing his course at the University of Vermont, graduating with the highest honors. March 31, 1836, he was ordained pastor of the Baptist Church in West Boylston, Mass., succeeding the late Dr. J. G. Binney. Soon after he accepted a call to Southbridge, Mass., where he again succeeded Dr. Binney, who became a missionary to Burmah. In 1845 he became editor of the *Baptist Advocate*, changing its name to the *New York Recorder*, and remained in charge of the paper until 1850. In 1849 he became editor of the *Christian Review*, which he conducted until 1852. In 1853 he again became connected with the *Recorder*, and in 1855 with Dr. Bright, bought the *Baptist Register*, and, consolidating it with the *Recorder*, formed the *Examiner*. He then accepted the professorship of Rhetoric in Rochester University, which he held until 1868, when he resigned to accept the Secretaryship of the American Baptist Educational Commission. In 1876 he was made Corresponding Secretary of the American Baptist Home Mission Society, and held the office until May, 1880, when he went to Europe for needed rest. His work, however, was fully done, and his return did not long antedate his death. Dr. Cutting was deeply interested in historical studies, especially in Baptist history, and his "Historical Vindications," a lecture with notes and appendices, is a valuable contribution to the subject. He was also the author of several hymns, published in our denominational hymn-book. He leaves a wife and two sons.

The Eastern and Western sections of the committee whose business it is to examine into the management and condition of the Methodist Book Concerns, met in Cincinnati on the 7th inst., and spent three days in joint session. Beside much other important work, it decided to discontinue the depository at Atlanta, Ga., but to continue the publication of the *Advocate* published there, provided the expenses did not exceed the income by more than \$1,500 per year. The profits from the year's business in the New York Concern was reported to have been \$69,000 for the year, and in the Cincinnati Concern over \$45,000, thus making the total profit of both houses \$114,000 per year. This amount is, by the laws of the Church, to be turned over to the different Conferences, to be appropriated to the support of the broken-down and supernumerary ministers, though practically it goes to the support of the bishops, etc.

Who can not look back to a time when a million dollars was an immense fortune? Very few were the men, half a century since, who could honestly claim to be millionaires. But now this is all changed. Let some man be spoken of as worth one million dollars and it excites no comment in our large cities. Why? Because men worth five or ten millions may be counted by scores. And the number of those worth fifteen millions, or above, is not less than twelve. Of these Russell Sage, J. R. Keene, and S. J. Tilden are stated, from reliable information, to be worth, each, five millions. D. O. Mills and C. P. Huntington are each worth twenty

millions. Senator Fair is reputed worth thirty millions. Ex-Governor Stanford, and John Rockefeller, each forty millions, Mackay and Crocker fifty millions apiece; while Gould is put down at one hundred millions, and Wm. H. Vanderbilt's wealth is considered by competent judges, anywhere from two to three hundred millions of dollars. He is, beyond all doubt, the wealthiest man in the world. Let no one conjure any longer by the name of Rothschilds. They are poor men compared with our American Crescus. The richest man on the face of the earth, is this modest, noble-minded citizen of New York City.—*Golden Rule*.

But there is a day coming when, as it has been well said, two questions will be asked: first, "How did you get all that money?" Second, "What did you do with it?" The first question will be the hard one to answer. To the second the answer will be: "Left it all behind." "Didn't bring a dollar with me."

THE *American Israelite* of last week contained the following excellent paragraph, with which we heartily agree:

Once a week at least we are told by some friend that this or that society for young people is necessary and should be established. We know of one society which we would add, viz.: whose members pledge themselves to stay home and read at least two hours every evening a good book and when they meet in *corpo* give each an abstract of his readings to his companions, and discuss that matter. The union of young men and of young women, too, is that they never read a good book, and in consequence thereof grow in ignorance as they advance in age. This degenerates the taste and leads to a morbid desire after exciting and enervating pleasures, and makes of many a well-educated and well-constituted person a worthless ruin in the social and political life. We would add to this another very useful society, viz.: one whose female members pledge themselves to do some useful work three or four hours daily, Sabbath excepted, some manual labor which exercises the muscles and sets the blood in healthy motion. Helplessness is as pitiable as ignorance, and any person not used to work and doing something useful is as helpless as a baby, to say nothing of the lack of organic development and health, which must be fostered by exercise and exertion.

The editor of the *Baptist Courier* (S. C.) expresses his "fellow-feeling" with the editor of the JOURNAL AND MESSENGER in the matter of vaccination. The latter is recovering, but it has been a long and grievous process. It ought to be thoroughly effective. Our thanks are returned to "sympathizing friends."

A GOOD BROTHER, writing from Missouri, says: "From your paper I have received more real benefit than from all the sermons I have listened to since I came here."

THE Woman's Foreign Mission Society of the Indianapolis Baptist Association holds its anniversary at Franklin, on Wednesday, March 8, afternoon and evening. Considerable attention has been given to the making of a programme and an interesting meeting is anticipated. The Franklin Church will give a warm greeting to all the representatives of circles and others who may attend. It is very important to the prosperity of the Society, in its good work, that its members take a more active interest in it, and that the membership be greatly increased. The few who have actively participated for some time past, do not sufficiently represent the women of the twenty-six churches. Indianapolis Association should be an example.

AN EDUCATIONAL MEETING, under the auspices of the Alumni Association of Franklin College, will be held this week. Thursday evening and Friday, at Southport, Ind. Among the speakers are Dr. W. T. Stott, Rev. H. C. Mabie, and Prof. C. H. Hall.

## THE MISSIONARY UNION.

At this season of the year the condition of the treasury of the Missionary Union is watched with great interest by the friends of our Foreign Mission work. All such will be pleased to learn that the treasury is in a very hopeful condition. In addition to what has already been received, and to what may be confidently expected, it only requires that the donations of churches and individuals from this time to April 1st should equal the amount received in the same time last year to enable the Missionary Union to close the year without a debt. It is not a time to relax our efforts. "Let not him that girdeth on his harness boast himself as he that putteth it off," but the happy result appears so easily within reach that it is believed the friends of the Union will not fail to accomplish it. Let every one who is able give as much as last year. Let those whom God has blessed give more to make up for some who may not be able to give as much as they did then. Let those into whose hearts new life and light has been shed during the year come in with their offerings to take the place of those who have fallen on sleep. Let us all together move forward, and the thing will be done.

## A Few Earnest Words.

The Board of the American Baptist Publication Society, yielding to a pressure, that seemingly could not be resisted, of calls and of needs for extension of its work, has, during the current year, appointed additional laborers and entered new fields, until, to-day, the workers of the Society, to the number of nearly one hundred, are in service, distributed through as many fields in forty-four out of the forty-eight States and Territories of our country. This extension, though made as economically as possible, has, nevertheless, involved a largely increased expenditure, that now, as the year comes to its close, must be met. To fail to meet it and to pass into a new year with a debt would be exceedingly calamitous—producing present trouble, and embarrassment for all the time to come. While, therefore, the work of the Society was never before so large, nor more encouraging than now, its wants were never more urgent than at the present time. We

write these words simply to state these facts and to earnestly solicit that all who feel an interest in the Circulation of the Scriptures and of a true Christian Literature in our land, and in Colportage and Sunday-school Mission Work as done by this Society—together constituting a work of immense importance, which is not done nor attempted, neither can be done, by any other Society—will now, before March 31st, at latest, come forward with their most generous possible help for its support.

Yours in Work and Hope,  
G. J. JOHNSON,  
Missionary Secretary.  
PHILADELPHIA, 1420 CHESTNUT ST.,  
FEB. 15, 1882.

REV. E. A. RUSSELL is making headway in his effort to raise a special fund of \$500, in Indiana, for the extension of Bible distribution. The Bible is more generally needed, even among professing Christians, than is supposed. Those who have served as colporters can tell tales that would amaze those who have not acted in that capacity. But when we look abroad more widely we ascertain that multitudes who are perishing in their sins are in want of the enlightening and convincing truth it contains. Some would read it if it were properly offered to them, either on sale or as a donation, who have just enough indifference to prevent them from calling for it and yet enough disposition to peruse it if it were in their hands. Much good has been accomplished by the living preacher for those who never learned to read and others who have not acquired the habit of reading; and yet, considering the ignorance of many who undertake to preach, particularly of the colored ministry, we sometimes wonder that much is accomplished. There will be more conversions, more reality in the profession of religion, when the masses shall have the means of ascertaining divine truth for themselves and a greater interest in its study. The ministry is designed and should be qualified to teach, but if their labors may be more directed to the urging of men to accept Christ, in obedience to truth already learned, these will be saved in a given amount of time.

## Thanks to All.

On June 1, 1879, the JOURNAL AND MESSENGER had comparatively few readers in West Virginia, although at that time more largely circulated than any other religious weekly. Beginning with that time, special efforts have been made to put the paper into new fields, new churches, and new homes. The work has been difficult and necessarily slow. But constant effort, with one object before us—the extension of the Redeemer's kingdom—and with the hearty and constant co-operation of the readers of the paper, much has been done. Nearly two thousand homes have been blessed by the influence of this religious weekly, in West Virginia alone, where the paper was unknown, or unread before. No one person, nor a score, could have done this work. Hundreds of persons have seen and felt its importance, and hearty co-operation has accomplished much. A large number of new subscribers has been secured since January 1, 1882, and still our brethren and sisters and friends are actively at work, and new names are being added constantly to our already large and growing list. We most heartily thank all who have aided us in our work, and kindly ask each reader to assist us in putting the paper into other new homes.

Why a Pastor Takes a Religious Weekly. It is painful to hear the frivolous excuses given sometimes by pastors, and often by members of Baptist churches, for not taking even one of our religious weeklies. But here is a reason on the other side: Rev. S. W. Gibson, of Charleston, W. Va., says: "I, or rather we, can not do without the weekly visits of the JOURNAL AND MESSENGER. I believe I can safely say that keeping such a paper on our table is one cause of our family being nearly all converted—and Baptists. It is the best family paper I ever saw." Bro. Gibson believes that the religious weekly preaches Christ, and does it every week, in the homes where it is admitted. Preaches quietly but surely to the children in the home, where they are, and where their young minds are grasping for something. He believes that the home is the place to mold the character of coming men and women, and that the religious weekly is one of the very best things to put into the hands of our children. He is right in his belief and practice.

## OUR FRIEND, "GREGG,"

Our friend, "Gregg," who occupied nearly two columns in the JOURNAL AND MESSENGER week before last, is evidently having his hands full in keeping the JOURNAL AND MESSENGER right, according to his idea. We hope he has considered carefully the fact, that the JOURNAL AND MESSENGER is a Baptist paper, and is published in the interest of the Baptist denomination; and if it should say some things on distinctive doctrines or practices of the Baptist churches, it means no disrespect to our Methodist brethren. A note has just been received from Bro. "Gregg," in which he asks this question: "Do you think you can sustain the position you have taken in regard to Sunday-schools in West Virginia? I refer, of course, to your article which refers to the pedobaptist exposition of the Sunday-school lesson." We answer yes. We still insist that Baptists can not afford to have union schools in their own

churches, neither can they afford to ignore their own members to make room for pedobaptist teachers in Baptist schools. We suggest that our brother will find it much easier to establish a Methodist paper in West Virginia than to run the JOURNAL AND MESSENGER in the interests of pedobaptist churches.

## A NEW PREMIUM.

An incentive to work for new subscribers to the JOURNAL AND MESSENGER. THE LIFE OF GARFIELD, by Professor John Clarke Ridpath, recently noticed in our literary columns, is probably the most complete and satisfactory biography of the late lamented President that has yet appeared, or that is likely soon to appear. It is an octavo of 672 pages, bound in cloth, with Morocco back and corners, in every way beautiful, profusely illustrated, and neatly printed on fine white paper, weight 23 pounds. The price of the book is \$2.50, and it is sold usually by subscription; yet we have made an arrangement with the publishers by which we are able to give a copy of it for one new subscriber at \$2.50, in a place where we have no club, when 20 cents are added to pay the postage.

For two new subscribers at \$2.20, when the names are to be added to clubs already formed, we will send a copy of the book, postage paid by ourselves.

This is the best premium offer we have ever made, and we propose to let it stand by itself, independent of all other offers.

To any of our present subscribers who send us \$2.50, we will send a copy of the book, postage paid.

SIXTY THOUSAND COPIES of Ridpath's Life of Garfield have been issued, and the demand still continues. The publishers have found it difficult to keep up with their orders, and we can not always get them just as we want them.

Our friends must bear in mind that the book costs us something. We buy every copy and pay cash for it. We do it not for fun, as some seem to think, but to increase our subscription list. A few of our subscribers assume that we have the books lying around loose and are anxious to give them away, and so they think that we offer to add a two dollar and a half Life of Garfield to the JOURNAL AND MESSENGER for one year for \$2.50, though we require \$2.70 for a new subscriber and the book!

No, friends, we will send you the Life of Garfield alone for \$2.50, but we do not give it to you simply to get you to pay your subscription (\$2.50) to the JOURNAL AND MESSENGER. We are not ready for bankruptcy just yet.

## West Virginia Educational Notes.

It is with real pleasure that we are enabled to announce that the work in Shelton College goes grandly on. When we remember that there was no session last year, and that now there are about fifty students in attendance, the friends of the College should be greatly encouraged. Prof. Reynolds is full of hope, and the work in the class-rooms is progressing splendidly. He is having good assistance. The financial agent, Rev. W. L. Van Horn, is pushing his department of the work vigorously and with good success. West Virginia College, at Flemington, has been suspended for some time, but arrangements have been made for the school to open again on Wednesday, March 29, 1882. Howard N. Ogden, A. B. Principal. We hope the school may be more fortunate in the future than it has been in the past. It is under the control of the Free Will Baptists.

Broadus College. We are informed that the religious interest among the students has been quiet and deep. Nearly if not all of the young ladies boarding in the College, that were not Christians in the beginning of the session, have professed a hope in Christ.

## A BUCKEYE IN BOSTON.

CAMBRIDGEPORT, MASS., Feb. 17, '82.

Editor J. and M.—It was my privilege to be present, Wednesday, 15th inst., at Sunday-school Convention of Boston North Association. It was held in Bowdoin Square Baptist Church, which was filled to its utmost capacity—congregation estimated at from 1,200 to 1,500 persons. Services from first to last were of deep interest, evincing a conviction and enthusiasm which were inspiring. The reading of the letters from the thirty-nine schools, instead of being a tax upon patience, was listened to with apparently deep interest by the great congregation. Well it might be so, for these letters, almost without exception, possessed the qualities of brevity, hopefulness, earnestness, progress and results. Baptists in the old city of Boston are a united, well organized and aggressive body, holding numerically, at least, the first place among the denominations. A special feature of the morning exercise was an address by Mrs. J. W. McLaughlin, of Boston. Subject: "The Relation of Temperance to the Sabbath-School." The address was admirable in spirit, manner and effect; with the gentleness and tenderness of the true woman, there was the eloquence which springs from culture, profound earnestness and mastery of the subject. With some of the illustrations tears bedewed many cheeks, and at the close a spontaneous and earnest applause attested the approval of the hundreds who had listened. The crown of excellence of the address was the deep Christian spirit which pervaded it, and the recognition of need of the grace which makes men and women new creatures in Christ. I think it safe to say that Christian temperance is making progress

in these parts. In the afternoon the subject was further discussed, with apparently deepening effect.

In the afternoon, after the routine business of election of officers and hearing Secretary's and Treasurer's reports, another paper was read by Dr. F. M. Ellis, of the Temple Church—subject: "Mutual Relations of the Church and Sunday-school"—followed by discussion and general approval.

On the whole, the meeting was of decided interest, and an augury of greater and better things in the not distant future.

Statistics sum up as follows: There are in the Association 39 schools, comprising 908 classes, 1,150 teachers and officers, with 10,151 scholars. Total, 11,301. There were 286 baptisms during the year. Contributions from all the schools, \$9,120.02. In all these particulars there has been steady advance year by year for the last several years.

The evening service I was unable to attend, but learn that the interest did not abate, but rather grew and deepened to the end. The feature of it was an essay by Hon. E. C. Fitz—subject: "Sabbath-school Work a Privilege, not a Burden"—with discussions elicited by the essay.

A short time since the S. S. Convention of Boston South Association held its annual meeting with encouraging results.

L. G. LEONARD.

## "THE ORDINATION QUESTION."

Dear Editor:—Suffer me to ask a few questions touching the above subject.

(1). What do we "Baptists" understand by ordination? (2). Do we mean the setting apart of a man to preach the gospel, without any reference to distinctive doctrines? (3). Do we regard the ordination of Popish priests and Episcopal ministers as valid?

If ordination has this general significance, the position of Dr. Kendrick, in the last number of the JOURNAL AND MESSENGER, is unassailable. On the other hand, if we Baptists mean by ordination the setting apart of a man to preach the gospel, as understood by the "Baptists" in distinction from all other denominations, then it would seem as though other denominations were awfully put to it to find something to grumble about. Might there not be, with as much propriety, as great a noise made over his baptism as over his ordination?

What, then, is ordination? Will Dr. Kendrick please explain?

Respectfully, COLEBROOK.

## IOWA NOTES.

"Did you ever see such weather in the winter?" Such is the query one hears daily. For weeks it has seemed almost as if it were Indian summer. During the past weeks many of our churches have held series of meetings, and a number have been blessed with gracious revivals. At Davenport, Bro. Stiffer was assisted by Rev. H. G. DeWitt, and a revival of remarkable power has been enjoyed. About fifty have been received by baptism. The church that enjoys the labors of Bro. Stiffer is fortunate. He is a noble man.

At Ottumwa, where the veteran Dr. G. S. Bailey is pastor, quite a revival has been in progress, and a good number baptized.

The first quarterly meeting of the Board of the State Convention was held recently at Des Moines. About fifty missionaries are under appointment by the Board. Their reports were most encouraging. Nearly all the missionaries report baptisms, and some quite extensive revivals. The work of the State Convention has felt the impulse given it by Bro. J. Sunderland during the past two years. But amid the encouraging signs, comes what to most of us seems very much like a calamity. Our beloved Missionary Secretary and Superintendent of Missions, Bro. Sunderland, is permanently laid aside by sickness. He reluctantly laid aside was obliged to accept his resignation. Rev. D. D. Proctor, Sunday-school Missionary, was elected to fill the vacancy. Bro. Proctor's work as Sunday-school Missionary has been remarkable—in travel, in institutes and conventions, in preaching, delivering addresses, besides doing the work of a General Missionary in adding new interests. It will be hard to fill his place.

The day following the Board meeting a special meeting of the Trustees of the University of Des Moines was held. The purpose of the meeting was to consider a proposition by a land company in Des Moines to move the University a mile to the northwest. The land company was to donate five acres of brush land and \$6,000, cash. After a full discussion, the proposition was declined, with thanks.

It has hitherto been considered by a majority of Iowa Baptists that Des Moines was the place for the location of a Baptist College, but from facts developed at the recent meeting of the Trustees it is becoming quite apparent that it is a mistaken impression. The University receives no local patronage worth considering. Des Moines people do not contribute to its support, and a Baptist can not be found in Des Moines who has the inclination to serve as President of its Board of Trustees and Executive Committee. And a feeling is growing up that, if Des Moines takes no interest in the school and gives it no patronage, it would be wise to remove it to some town whose Board of Trade would take as much interest in a college as in a brewery.

The attendance of pupils is the largest in the history of the institution. The faculty is a band of noble, earnest men and women. The college is doing most excellent work.

Central University, at Pella, under the presidency of Dr. G. W. Gardner, is prospering finely. Fifty thousand dollars of the \$100,000 endowment is already raised, and the success of the school is assured.

By the way, one of your good men in Ohio is about to leave you and turn his



footsteps westward. Bro. Owen, of New ark, O., has accepted a call to Grinnell, Ia. We hear Bro. Owen spoken very highly of. Grinnell is an important field, and one of our strongest churches is located there. It is a difficult field, owing to the overshadowing influence of Congregationalism. There are some good Baptist brethren there, and some brethren that are only "weak sisters."

HOLMES.

#### REV. JOSEPH SHERWOOD

Died, of consumption, at Sugar Grove, Fair field Co., O., on Thursday night, Feb. 16, 1882, aged 36 years, 8 months and 6 days. He was born in Perry County, O., June 10, 1845. He was married to Miss Julia A. Brooks, Feb. 28, 1869. He went into the army in his country's defense, and was a brave and gallant soldier. During the war he was converted and was baptized, and upon his return from the army he united with the Baptist Church in Lancaster, O., of which church he remained a consistent member until his death. He was licensed to preach in 1867, having previously attended school at Denison University, at Granville, O. He continued to preach the gospel until his departure from earth, whenever health and strength permitted. In 1879, he was stricken with consumption and lingered with that disease until his death. His example was that of a true Christian, was patient during all his long suffering, and eagerly waited for his Savior's coming. His funeral sermon was preached by Rev. A. L. Jordan, of Columbus, O. His funeral was one of the largest that has been witnessed at Sugar Grove for many years. He leaves a wife and three children, an infant child having preceded him. J. C. H.

#### Greeting to Parry.

PARKERSBURG, W. Va., Feb. 13, '82. Dear Parry—I, from a sick bed, send you my greeting. May the Lord bless you, and continue to make you a blessing to the bodies and souls of others. May the loving Father keep you at work, and may you each day be able to make this world more like heaven; and may you each day lay up more treasure in the upper and better home. If we should never meet here, we fully expect, when life's storms are over, and the last conflict ended, to meet on the other shore.

Yours in Jesus, PILGRIM.

#### MISSIONARY BOARD MEETING.

The last quarterly meeting of the Executive Board of the General Association of West Virginia, was held in the Baptist Church in Parkersburg, Feb. 15.

COAL VALLEY—Rev. W. H. Adams, missionary.—Congregations large and good.

HINTON—Rev. Martin Bibb, missionary, reports six accessions during the last three months.

WESTON—Rev. John S. Fisher, missionary, reports only a part of his mission in Weston. Special work in his other churches has claimed his attention much of the time. Now special work is being done in Weston.

MILTON—Rev. A. J. McClung—Much seed has been sown and it is believed that a harvest is in the near future.

KINGWOOD—Rev. P. H. Murray has just returned upon his work. The congregations are very large and the outlook is much hopeful. A good house is much needed.

VALLEY HEAD AND EDRA—Rev. M. P. H. Potts, our mountain missionary, is much encouraged. Reports four accessions, and is pushing the work into new fields.

THE FIELD—Rev. L. W. Holden, Corresponding Secretary, has done much work during the quarter, but principally in aiding pastors in meetings and in collecting in the churches that he visited in this way.

#### New Appointments.

FAIRMONT AND MANNINGTON.—The Board has completed its arrangements to occupy these fields and it is believed that a good man will be at work by April 1.

ARLINGTON.—Rev. J. M. Wood was appointed to this field for the remaining nine months of the present associational year.

PETERSBURG (Grant Co.).—Rev. W. M. Davis having been providentially thrown into this new field, the Board very willingly appointed him its missionary for this and other points yet to be selected.

#### Failed to Report.

Rev. Geo. Stewart, missionary at New Martinsville; Rev. J. T. Carpenter, at Flat Rock, and Rev. S. Barb, of Foe's Schoolhouse, all failed to report. It is important that all of the missionaries should send in their reports as early as practicable, to W. F. Atkinson, at Parkersburg, secretary of the Board.

RESOLVED.—That we recommend that an earnest, united effort be made to raise for our convention work this year, the sum of ten thousand dollars. See minutes of the meeting of the Ohio Baptist Convention held in Portsmouth last October.

## The Churches.

OHIO.

BIG DABY, Madison Co.—Rev. W. S. Kent, pastor, has been made to rejoice greatly in his work. Twenty candidates are awaiting baptism, and others will come soon. Rev. E. B. Smith, of Degraff, was present nine days, and rendered most acceptable and efficient aid. May the Lord long spare his useful life and still crown it abundantly with precious fruits. The meeting lasted twenty-three days.

GABRIELSVILLE.—Rev. C. H. Johnson writes: "In entering upon the pastorate here I find an important field and an earnest, enterprising and united church. We hold our services in a small room, the most suitable place we can get, but we are placed at a great disadvantage in our work for the want of a commodious and convenient place of worship. The circumstances of the destruction of the church here in June last are already known to the brethren of the State. We expect to begin building a new house of worship within a few weeks, and to push the work forward as rapidly as possible. In this work this church will cheerfully give to the extent of its ability; but, with all that we can do, we shall need to be largely aided from abroad to build such a house as our circumstances and surroundings imperatively demand. Bro. John Adams, a member of this church, has been appointed by the church as our financial agent to visit the

various churches of the State and solicit and receive funds for this purpose. He is already at work, and goes forth with the entire confidence of the church and community, both as to his integrity and his business capacity. We trust that, by God's blessing, Bro. Adams will find a hearty welcome in all the churches, and that there will be that generous response which our present emergency and the worthiness of the cause demand.

PERRY.—Rev. J. H. Smith, pastor, continued meetings from the Week of Prayer to February 12. The result has been profitable to the membership; six have been received for baptism and others will come.

GALION.—The work still goes on. Another was baptized by Pastor Stone on the 12th, and two others on the 14th. Others are expected. The total number of additions since the pastorate commenced in October last is thirteen.

WEST JEFFERSON.—Our meeting, after continuing more than six weeks, closed on Sunday evening last. It would be impossible to state the real results, but the church is very much encouraged and strengthened. The brethren had for some time, almost feared that no good things were in store for them; the harps were upon the willows. But they prayed and hoped on; the set time came, the "fifties" were brought in, and God graciously gave his Spirit in abundance. The whole community became aroused; more than forty were converted, and thirty-seven have been added to the church. The converts have given to Christ a whole-hearted consecration and render to him a joyful service. They are happy in the consciousness of sins forgiven. Eighteen have been baptized, and more will follow on next Sunday, 19th inst. In addition to the work of the pastor, Bro. A. L. Jordan, of Columbus, O., spent more than four weeks holding forth the word of life. He wielded the "sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God," and was given access to many hearts and a wonderful influence over them. While the brethren accept the results of the meeting as the gift of God, they are profoundly grateful to his servant by whom he has wrought, and the memory of Bro. Jordan can never fail from among them.

#### L. R. MEARS, Pastor.

URBANA.—Two were baptized on the 14th inst., one of them the youngest daughter of the pastor, Rev. J. R. Downer. Several others have obtained hope, and are expected to unite with the church.

BETHEL, Clark Co.—Rev. W. R. Thomas is now holding meetings, and good results are hoped for. "Pray for us."

UNION, Union Co.—Rev. W. R. Thomas has been conducting a series of meetings with blessed results. The church and community are greatly aroused, and twenty-five have been added to the church. Others are inquiring the way of salvation. Strong efforts were made to draw some of our converts to the Disciple Church, but God blessed, and truth prevailed.

CLYDE.—We have enjoyed a precious meeting, conducted by our pastor, Rev. J. L. Phillips. The church has been greatly refreshed and strengthened, and sinners have found peace in believing. Two were baptized Feb. 9th, and three more last night, Feb. 17th. Others have indicated their desire and determination to follow Jesus.

EDEN STATION, Delaware Co.—Our church building was dedicated February 5, by Elders Leebarger and Cather, of Delaware. Since that time we have been holding meetings every night, and notwithstanding the roads are almost impassable, the house is nearly full every night. Several have made professions of faith, and many others are expected to come out on the Lord's side. J. E. WENMAN.

SHAWNEE.—The divine blessing is resting upon the labors which are being put forth in this field for the salvation of souls. On last Sabbath evening, February 19, fourteen converts were baptized. Two others have been received by experience and three more await baptism. The church in Shawnee was reorganized a few months ago with some ten or twelve members. Without a pastor or house of worship they rented a hall and organized a praying and singing society. Now, by the blessing of God, they number members. Brethren of Ohio, pray that the divine blessing may rest yet more mightily upon the work in Shawnee.

#### H. L. G.

ZANESVILLE, Market Street.—A pleasant quiet work is still in progress. Six more have been baptized since last report, making 13 in all and 24 since the pastorate of Bro. Williford began in September last. Others will soon come.

ZALISKI.—Still progressing. A marked and growing spirit of unity among the members is manifest. The Sunday-school is increasing in numbers. Pastor Lloyd is encouraged. Seventeen—fifteen heads of families—have united with the church.

HAMILTON.—On last Thursday evening Rev. A. L. Lockert, of Franklin, administered the ordinance of baptism to eleven converts. On last Sabbath evening, twenty-three received the hand of fellowship, following which was the communion. It was a day of deep joy to the church. With but three exceptions, those taken in are adults, four married couples being among the number. Several more are inquiring the way.

PROSPECT is enjoying a refreshing from the presence of the Lord. The pastor, A. J. Wiant, has continued a meeting since the Week of Prayer. Faithful teaching, persistent persevering labors, God has blessed. Yesterday, February 19, in the presence of a multitude, the pastor baptized in the Scioto River, twenty rejoicing converts. Among the number six, three husbands and wives, all went down into the water together, and were baptized, and came up out of the water, and they went on their way rejoicing. The pastor's wife rejoiced too, because their only daughter was among the converts. Some are in tender youth, not yet eleven years old; but all seem to enjoy grace in the heart. While Jesus seems to tarry with us, we shall continue to wait upon him in his courts.

INDIANA.

BETHLEHEM.—Revs. E. M. McGraw and M. P. Meredith held a meeting which continued two weeks. The membership was much revived and four were added by baptism.

DEER CREEK, Perry Co.—Rev. D. H. Murray held special meetings commencing January 1. Deep interest was manifested, especially among the Sunday-school scholars. Six were baptized on the 12th inst., and others are hoped for.

MISSISSINAWA—Logansport Association.—Rev. M. Smith took charge of this small and discouraged body on the 1st of January. Soon after he began a series of meetings, which resulted in an accession of forty-eight, increasing the membership to about sixty. Bro. Gleason, who recently came to us from the M. P. Church, rendered important help.

BETHEL.—Rev. R. Moore, pastor, writes, Feb. 13: "We have just closed a meeting of twenty-three days and nights, which

has been much help to the church, bringing the members into a higher plane of Christian enjoyment and work for the Master. The Lord added and dignified souls to the membership, which we trust may add to the strength and efficiency of the church. Several men and their wives were received, who commence the new life right by subscribing for the JOURNAL AND MESSENGER. Bro. Benton was with us one day and preached a most excellent sermon. W. L. Boston was with us one week, preaching some good sermons. He left to commence a meeting at the First Mount Pleasant Church, where I hope to join him in a few days. Hope we may be able to report a good meeting. The Lord is doing great things for many of our churches, whereof we are glad."

LEBANON, Greene Co.—Rev. G. W. Terry, pastor—reports a series of meetings, which resulted in the baptism, on Sunday evening, Feb. 12th, of five young women.

PRAIRIE VINE.—The good work goes on. On Sunday, 12th inst., five were baptized in the river at Iroquois, Ill., in the presence of many who had never before witnessed such a scene.

SHARON—Judson Association—has been without a pastor or regular preaching for the past six or eight months. In January it extended a call to the old pastor, Rev. H. R. Todd, for one-half the time for the coming year. He accepted the call, and on the 12th inst. he preached a most precious revival of over three weeks' duration. We were ably assisted a part of the time by our good brother, Rev. B. A. Melson, of Brimingham. Received up to this time, by baptism, twenty; by letter, three; restored, one; and twelve were added to the number. Many were heads of families and several were from the Sabbath-school. It was the pleasant privilege of the pastor to baptize and welcome into the church two of his own children, aged respectively thirteen and fifteen. This, perhaps, has been the largest ingathering at any one time since the organization of the church. Our Sabbath-school, under the leadership of our efficient superintendent, Bro. Pansy, with his corps of earnest teachers, continues the year through with much interest and an increased attendance.

Next Saturday we expect to organize a Baptist Church at Young America, some four miles from Sharon Church. This is a very promising field, and we hope in the near future to have a strong body of five places. We organized with eighteen members, with two awaiting baptism, which will make twenty. The most of these are from Sharon Church. We still leave the mother church with 105 active members.

MONTPELIER closed a three weeks' meeting on Sunday night, Feb. 5th. The members, who were but recently united in church relation, some from other Baptist churches and some from other denominations, learned to work together and to cooperate with the pastor, because of the Spirit's presence. Two were baptized; one received by letter, one by experience, and one restored, making in all five additions, and one awaits baptism. The church is united in its pastor, and moving on harmoniously. The ladies have held two festivals, the proceeds of which have been sufficient to pay for a good Mason & Hamilton organ, and some money left. Great credit is due the sisters for their perseverance in this enterprise.

GREENCASTLE.—Rev. I. W. Reed has entered upon his pastorate here and is now engaged in special meetings. A great interest has been awakened. Two were baptized last week.

GREENWOOD.—Under the labors of Rev. J. H. Smith, ordained pastor in August last, the church is gathering strength. Bro. Smith's preaching appeals to the thinking classes, and the congregations are larger than they have been.

AUBURN.—Protracted meeting closed with eight additions—six by baptism and two by letter. Church revived and hopeful. P. J. WARD.

PLEASANT LAKE.—Protracted meeting closed with fourteen additions—eleven by baptism and three by experience, and a good hope of others. Amongst those baptized was the pastor's daughter Annie, aged 9 years. P. J. WARD.

MARIA CREEK, notwithstanding the sad and detrimental course of its late pastor, is going steadily forward, having some excellent members and promising young men of whose future usefulness we expect to hear. Bro. E. B. Sanford, a licentiate of Washington Church, is supplying the pulpit very acceptably twice a month.

ELKHART.—Rev. R. E. Neighbor, pastor, is meeting with great success and encouragement in his work. Union meetings, in which most of the churches in the city became engaged, have resulted in a wide-spread and delightful revival. At last reports some forty had been added to the Baptist Church, and the work was still going on, apparently increasing in power.

VALPARAISO is in the midst of a very precious revival. The Lord has truly come into our new house of worship with his saving power. Twenty-two have united with the church to the 20th inst., and others have indicated their intention to leave themselves to the church to-day (Feb. 20). Last night (19th) Pastor Riley baptized thirteen in our new baptistry, in the presence of over seven hundred people. The church is united and greatly revived, and the present increase in membership puts us in the way of great usefulness in this city. A new house, the seat of our city, a church united and revived, and an increase in membership of a quarter of a hundred. The members who contributed largely toward the new house are reaping already in the conversion of their children. Dr. Miller, of Evansville, has been with us two weeks, and his labors have been greatly blessed to our good. Bro. Miller is an able preacher, and a skillful and wise conductor of revival services. He has greatly endeared himself to us as a church, and we feel grateful to his people for permitting him to come among us. May the Lord bless him in his home work on his return to his people.

WEST VIRGINIA.

BOOTHVILLE.—Rev. P. H. Murray, pastor, in a note of February 14, says: "We have just closed a most precious meeting at Boothville. We baptized four, and others are awaiting the ordinance."

RAVENSWOOD.—Rev. L. E. Peters, pastor.—Special meetings are now being held, with good prospects. We trust that Bro. Peters and his people may be greatly blessed in their work.

GRAFTON.—We regret to learn that pastor Robertson has been in poor health recently. He is at work again. He is encouraged. There have been three more additions to the church recently. The Woman's Mission Circle is prospering well. The church Sunday-school is taking their annual collections for "Home Missions" soon.

WEBSTER.—Rev. Aaron Barnett, pastor.—Special meetings have just closed. The church was much revived. Eight additions by baptism and three by letter, in all eleven. The pastor was aided by Rev. L. W. Holden. The church is much strengthened by the meetings.

TOLL GATE, a few years since, was in a prosperous condition. The Sunday-school prayer meetings, and preaching services were all largely attended, and the work was very encouraging. Now, there is no pastor, nor even a deacon. There are a few excellent people, but the Lord's work languishes greatly. We feel sad when we think of it.

#### KENTUCKY.

CARROLLTON.—This church has extended a call to F. J. Crisp, of Indiana, for all his time. We hope his stay will be very useful and beneficial to the church, as well as pleasant to Bro. Crisp.

LEXINGTON.—The meeting at the First Church is yet in progress, although we are almost a month past the 1st of February. He has been called home to a sick family. He and his wife have the prayers of many. The church has already received fifty additions and the work goes on.

MR. GEORGE O. BARNES continues to create quite a degree of excitement in Louisville, which is a grief of mind to many of the brethren. After reading the reports of his discourses in the daily papers, one can but wish that sound Christians of every name would show their disapproval, at least by letting him alone, remembering not to treat themselves in any wise to do evil (Prov.).

Carrollton, Carroll County, has been without a pastor for some time, and has recently called Rev. F. J. Crisp from Macedonia, Ind. He expects to begin his labors the 1st of March.

Mr. Teasdale is to labor in Kentucky a while. Rev. G. C. Smith is holding an extra meeting in Carlisle, Nicholas County. Pastor, Bro. Garrett.

PROF. WHITNEY'S LECTURES before the Pastors' Conference in Louisville promise something new—perhaps rather startling. A good number of us know something of Alexander Campbell's life; but few know so well the history of Mormonism. Hope he will come to this; indeed, such instruction is needed throughout the State. Our Kentucky brethren, who are laying on their hands, Rev. J. H. Wines, and Rev. D. M. Nevins, followed by the church.

Wm. P. SANFORD, Clerk.

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NINTH STREET is in the midst of a blessed revival, such an one as has not been experienced for many years. The old members are reminded of the early days of Dr. Lynd, the like of which have not been seen since until now.

At Walnut Hills new cases of inquiry are developing from week to week.

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C. M. MEKE, Postmaster, Jackson, Adams Co., Cal.

N. B.—This remedy speaks for itself. A single trial will satisfy the most skeptical. \$2.00 per bottle, or \$10.00 for six bottles. Sent by mail, \$1.25 each. CHADDOCK & CO., 1022 Race St., Philadelphia, Pa.

pastorate of the Dudley Street Baptist Church, Boston Highlands, from which Rev. Dr. H. M. King recently went to the Emmanuel Church, Albany, N. Y.

DEDICATION.—The Hoagland (Ind.) Baptist Church dedicated its new house of worship on Sabbath, 12th inst. Notwithstanding the rain and mud, the house, which seats 350 persons, was crowded to its utmost capacity. The services of dedication were as follows: Reading of Scripture and prayer by Rev. W. H. Robinson, pastor of Bluffton Baptist Church. After the sermon, subscriptions and contributions were called for, and subscriptions were made to the amount of \$650, and cash to the amount of \$250, paying all indebtedness and giving a surplus of \$222. The Prayer of Dedication was then offered by the pastor, Rev. J. H. Wines, and the Benediction was pronounced by Rev. W. W. Robinson.

ORDINATIONS.—In response to a call of the Union Baptist Church, Currier's Prairie Association, Indiana, a council met February 11, for the purpose of considering the expediency of ordaining to the work of the ministry Bro. Z. T. Robertson, and organizing by selecting Rev. D. M. Nevins, Moderator, and Wm. P. Sanford, Clerk. The examination was conducted by the Moderator, and the council having become satisfied as to the propriety of the ordination, adopted the following programme for the services which took place on the Sabbath, 12th inst.: Sermon by Rev. J. Smook; Ordaining prayer by Rev. J. Smook; Charge to the church by Rev. J. Smook; Charge to the church by Rev. D. M. Nevins; Presentation of Bible and Hand of Fellowship, Rev. H. C. Listner, followed by the church.

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C. M. MEKE,



## Home Circle.

Conducted by L. E. L.

"MY LADIE THAT'S AWA."

IN MEMORIAM.

The sound of children's laughter  
Comes to me on the breeze,  
With the whisper of the grasses  
And the rustle of the trees;  
The wee bit birds sing softly,  
I hear and see them all,  
But I'm thinking of my little lad,  
My laddie that's awa.

And hush the golden ladder  
Can't gently free the stars,  
And hush before his bonny een  
Wi' a' its shimmering bars,  
Which name may tread but angels  
Who heed the Master's call,  
He heard the voice and smelt' gude-by,  
My laddie that's awa.

There's no bud or blossom  
That smiles in sunny June,  
There's no feathered psalmist singe,  
As e'er he sang his tune,  
His hymn of "time's melody"  
To one about us all,  
But minds me of my little lad,  
My laddie that's awa.

Help me to say: "My Father,  
Thy will, not mine, be done;"  
To look away from life's morning,  
Beyond the shining sun,  
To see about earth's little while  
The crown and robe of snow,  
And know I'll greet my lad again,  
My lad that's awa.

—Anonymous.

THE SLED THAT WAS NOT TONY'S.

BY EDWARD A. RAND.

"But don't I wish it was my sled!"  
Here five-year-old Tony looked at  
it, his fat hand jammed into his very  
small pockets, his brown eyes, in their  
wonder and admiration, growing bigger  
and bigger, as if either eye could have  
taken that sled in and found house-  
room for it.

It was a gay little affair, but, alas!  
it was not Tony's. It belonged to  
Popham Cornish, or, as the boys called  
him for short, Pop Corn. Why did  
his folks give him a name the boys  
could cut up such a caper with? The  
sled was named "The Hare," but there  
were three hares on it really, a gilt  
one on each runner, and a gilt one on  
top.

"My!" said Tony, "Pop Corn needn't  
do anything to it. That sled has got  
to go. Three hares could make any  
thing go." And Tony began to think  
whether he himself would not make a  
swift racer if stuck all over with gilt  
hares.

How Tony did long for that sled!  
He longed so ardently, I am sorry to  
write that he chipped off a piece from  
one of the commandments, as his  
teacher would have said. You know  
there are ten of them, as every one  
would say, if some people did not have  
short memories.

"And there is one," said Tony's  
Sunday-school teacher, "that is mother  
of another."

"That is a funny commandment," ex-  
claimed Tony, "to be a mother."

"Commandment," I said.

"Oh!"

"One commandment says, 'Thou  
shalt not covet,' then mentioning vari-  
ous things."

"Covet?"

"Covet, covet, Tony! That means  
to want a thing very badly, to keep  
wanting and wishing, and perhaps to  
feel unpleasantly toward the person  
having the coveted thing. That may  
lead to stealing, which is forbidden by  
another commandment. So the tenth  
commandment is mother of the eighth.  
Don't do anything to the command-  
ments or take the least chip from them."

"No," thought Tony, "I won't covet."  
But Tony kept longing for that sled  
so fiercely that he chipped off a dozen  
pieces from the tenth commandment.  
I wonder that Tony did not steal the  
sled the first day. What happened,  
let me tell you. It just makes me  
shiver.

Tony was sitting on the edge of his  
trundle-bed at night, having said,  
"Now I lay me," but all the while, he  
was thinking about Pop Corn's sled.

"I have a great mind to go and take  
it," he said.

By and by he jumped out of bed,  
stole down stairs, and then out of  
doors. He hurried into Pop Corn's  
yard and creeping into the shed, there  
in the moonlight he saw "The Hare,"  
or the three hares, rather.

"Oh," exclaimed fat little Tony,  
"don't I wish those lovely creatures  
would give me a ride," and as he said  
it, down he dropped upon the sled,  
plump as a pumpkin. To his surprise  
and joy the sled stirred.

"Oh, goodie, goodie!" screamed Tony,  
"wouldn't Pop Corn like to have the  
hares do this for him! Lazy people  
like him, that stay in bed, can't expect  
hares to pull 'em round."

"You ugly, good-for-nothing things,  
stop-p-p!" Don't I wish—I was—like  
Pop Corn, in bed—fast asleep-p-p!"  
sighed Tony.

Faster, faster, over the snow of  
Canada, among a strange people on  
snow shoes; faster, faster away up  
across Hudson's Bay, among folks  
short and fat and dressed in skins,  
over long fields of ice—and—right  
against an iceberg.

The shock made Tony open his eyes!  
There was his mother laughing and  
rubbing his nose with a big icicle.

"Come, Tony, I am trying to wake  
you, for it is time to be getting up.  
What are you groaning about?"

That was the last time Tony wanted  
to trouble anything belonging to  
others, and he was very careful how he  
chipped a piece off the tenth com-  
mandment.—Central Presbyterian.

ROSE LEAVES.

BY ERNEST GILMORE.

Some one has beautifully said:  
"Kindness is stowed away in the heart  
like rose leaves in a drawer, to sweeten  
every object around." A little girl of  
about nine years old was walking along  
a muddy street in Chicago; her father  
held her hand, and seemed very ten-  
der in his care of her. The quality  
and style of their garments hinted  
strongly of wealth, while the strong,  
good face of the father, and the loving,  
sweet one of his child, told of some-  
thing better than wealth—even of depth  
of heart. Just as they reached a  
crossing, where the mud was thicker  
and the wind blew stronger, and ve-  
hicles of all descriptions passed each  
other in tiresome confusion, they no-  
ticed a poorly clad old woman, on  
whose trembling arm rested a large  
basket heavily laden, standing on the  
corner, as if fearful of crossing over.

She looked anxiously at the whirling  
carts, and deprecatingly at the passers-  
by. No one seemed to heed her as  
the well-dressed throng hurried along.

"Come, Edith," said the father,  
"this is a dangerous crossing; papa  
will carry you across."

He put out his arms as he spoke,  
lovingly. But the child only whisp-  
ered:

"Papa, I have rubbers; I'm not  
afraid of the mud. Papa, see the poor  
old woman—she seems afraid of some-  
thing, she looks so tremulous. Couldn't  
you help her, papa, while I run ahead?"

For answer, the gentleman approach-  
ed the old woman, saying, in a low  
voice:

"This is a tiresome crossing, mad-  
am, let me lead you across; give me  
the basket, please."

Could you have seen the rested,  
thankful look on that weary old face,  
as the woman found herself safe on the  
other side, I think you would have  
echoed her fervent cry: "God bless  
that man, and the blessed child, too!"

Of course there were sneering smiles  
on some countenances which witnessed  
the quiet act of helpfulness, but it  
mattered not as long as one knew that  
around the great white throne there  
were smiles of joy because two of the  
followers had not in selfishness neglect-  
ed doing a favor to even the "least of  
these."

Into a very elegant palace car en-  
tered a weary-laden, poorly dressed  
woman with three little children, one  
a babe in arms. A look of joy crept  
into her face as she sat down in one  
of the luxurious chairs. But it was  
quickly dispelled as she was asked  
rudely to "start her boots."

A smile of amusement was seen on  
several faces as the frightened group  
hurried out to enter one of the com-  
mon cars. Upon one young face, how-  
ever, there was a look which shamed  
the countenances of the others.

"Auntie," said the boy to the lady  
beside him, "I'm going to carry my  
basket of fruit and this box of sand-  
wiches to the poor woman in the next  
car. You are willing, of course."

He spoke eagerly, but she answered:  
"Don't be foolish, dear; you may need  
them yourself, and perhaps the woman  
is an impostor."

"No, I'll not need them," he answer-  
ed decidedly, but in a very low tone.  
"You know I had a hearty breakfast,  
and I don't need a lunch. The woman  
looks hungry, auntie, and so tired, too,  
with those three little babies clinging  
to her. I'll be back in a minute,  
auntie. I know mother wouldn't like  
it if I didn't speak a kind word to the  
least of these when I meet them."

The worldly aunt brushed a tear  
from her eye after the boy left her, and  
said audibly, "Just like his mother."  
About five minutes later, as a lady  
passed the mother and the three chil-  
dren, she saw a pretty sight—the fam-  
ily feasting as perhaps they never had  
before. The dainty sandwiches were  
eagerly eaten, the tempting, fruit-bas-  
ket stood open.

The oldest child, with her mouth  
filled with bread and butter, said:  
"Was the pretty boy an angel, mamma?"  
"No," answered the mother, as a  
grateful look brightened her faded  
eyes, "not now; but he will be on the  
other side, bless his dear heart!"  
And we too said "Bless his heart!"  
—Sunday-school Times.

THE SCHOOL-BOY.

We bought him a box for his books and things,  
And a cricket bat for his bat,  
And he looked the brightest and best of kings  
Under his new straw hat.

We handed him into the railway train  
With a troop of his young companions,  
And we made as though it were dust and rain  
Were falling on eyes with tears.

We looked in his innocent face to see  
The sign of a sorrowful heart;  
But he only smiled and his hat with gleo  
And wondered when they would start.

'Twas not that he loved not as heretofore,  
For the boy was tender and kind;  
But he was a world that was all before,  
And ours was a world behind.

'Twas not that his fathering heart was cold,  
For the child was loyal and true;  
And the parents loved the love that is old,  
And the children the love that is new.

And we came to know that love is a flower  
Which only growth can show,  
And we saw that the space of an hour  
As we drove back through the town.

—Episcopalian.

THE LITTLE SINGER.

No bracelets, nor necklaces had she;  
No white silk dress had she ever seen,  
and common white muslin, even, she  
had never worn. She was barefooted,  
and though the morning was warm, she  
had wrapped an old shawl around her to  
hide the holes in her dress. A neat little  
girl was Mandy, or at least she would  
have been if she had known how; she  
always washed her feet in the fast-run-  
ning gutter puddles, after a hard rain,  
just because she liked to see them look  
clean; but she had no needle and thread  
at home, nor patches; and her work  
among the barrels, picking for rags,  
was not the cleanest in the world. Yet  
on this afternoon did this little girl,  
Mandy, give a concert. Her audience  
was an organ-grinder who stopped to  
rest a bit, an old woman who was go-  
ing by with a baby, and a little boy  
with a load of chips. The words she  
sang were:

"There is a fountain filled with blood,  
Drawn from Immanuel's veins,  
And the chorus repeated as many times,  
"I've been redeemed, I've been redeem-  
ed, I've been redeemed,"—don't know  
how many times over.

"Where did you get that?" asked the  
organ-grinder.

"What?" said Mandy, startled, and  
turning quickly.

"That; that you're singing."

"Oh, I got it to Sunday-school."  
And she rolled out the wonderful news,  
"I've been redeemed, I've been redeem-  
ed, been washed in the blood of the  
Lamb."

"I don't s'pose you understand what  
you're singing about?" said the organ-  
grinder.

"Don't I, though," said Mandy,  
with an emphatic little nod of her head.  
"I know all about it, and it's all true.  
I belong to him; he's going to make  
me clean inside, and dress me in white,  
some day, to stay with him forever  
and ever. I've been redeemed, I've  
been redeemed; been washed in the  
blood of the Lamb."

Away down the street, as far as the  
organ-grinder could hear, as he trudged  
on, there came back to him the faint  
sound of that chorus, "I've been redeem-  
ed." Nobody threw bouquets to  
Mandy; nobody said she had a sweet  
voice. But the organ-grinder kept say-  
ing the words over and over to himself.  
They were not new words to him. Years  
ago his old mother used to sing those  
first ones, "There is a fountain."

He had never heard the chorus before,  
but he knew it fitted; he knew all about  
it; his mother had taught him; and  
away back, when he was a little boy,  
a minister had said to him once, "My  
boy, you must be sure to find the  
fountain and get washed." He never  
had. He was almost an old man, and  
it was years since he had thought about  
it; but Mandy's song brought it all  
back. Was that the end of it? Oh,  
no. The organ-grinder kept thinking,  
and thinking, and thinking, until by  
and by he resolved to do. He sought  
the fountain and found it, and now, if  
he knew the tune, could sing, "I've  
been redeemed." Many a time he says  
"I've been redeemed." Is that the  
end? Oh, dear, no. It will never end.  
When Mandy and the organ grinder  
stand up yonder, and she hears all  
about the song she sung as she picked  
over rags, it will not, even then, be the  
end. Nothing ever ends.—The Pansy.

LITTLE ONES.

Little ones, 'tho' frail and earthborn,  
Heirs of blessedness may be,  
For the Savior whispereth gently,  
"Suffer such to come to me."

And in that eternal kingdom,  
Mid the grand, triumphant throng,  
Children's voices, sweet, will mingle  
In the glorious choral throng.

JOHNNY PIG.

A Story for Little Folks.

BY MARGARET EYTINGE.

Little Johnny Eataway's playmates  
called him "Johnny Pig;" and I don't  
wonder that they did, for he was one  
of the greediest boys that ever lived.

Almost every day when dinner was  
over, and he had eaten so much he  
could not eat any more, he would beg  
his mamma with a dreadful whine not  
to give what was left of the pudding  
or pie—which wasn't much, I can as-  
sure you—to any one else, but to put  
it away in the closet so that he might  
"eat it by and by."

And often he would stand for an  
hour at a time before the windows of  
the bakery or candy-store, with the  
tears running down his cheeks, in the  
deepest grief because he could not eat  
everything he saw there.

And he would follow men who were  
selling fruit from street to street, just  
as other boys follow the soldiers, or a  
monkey on a hand-organ, in hopes that  
at last, to get rid of him, they would  
give him an apple, or an orange, or a  
banana.

Well, late one very cloudy after-  
noon, Johnny pig was coming from the  
drugstore's with a small bottle of pare-  
goric for the baby, who had a pain  
(paregoric was the only thing that  
could be swallowed that he could be  
trusted with), when he saw a man in  
front of him carrying a basket half-  
full of pretty, pink paper packages. John-  
ny got as near as he could to this man  
and sniffed at the basket.

It smelled delicious! Just like his  
mamma's kitchen on cake-baking days.  
The man ran up every stoop, and  
rang every door-bell, and gave one of  
the packages to whoever came to the  
door.

At last, Johnny pig, who was by  
this time a mile from home and it was  
fast getting dark, asked the man what  
they were.

"Cakes," said the man.

"Gimme one," begged Johnny.

"No," said the man, "I don't give  
them to little boys."

But Johnny kept following and teas-  
ing and teasing until the man—it was  
quite dark now—said, "Well, as I  
have only a few left and I want to go  
to my supper you may have one."

Johnny snatched it without even a  
thank-you (greedy boys are never po-

lite), sat down on the nearest door-  
step, laid the bottle of paregoric by his  
side, tore off the pretty pink paper,  
and took a bite—a big bite.

And then he jumped up, knocking  
over the bottle and breaking it into  
finders, and stamped, and choked, and  
sputtered, and wiped his mouth again  
and again on the sleeve of his new  
jacket.

It was a cake of soap.

THE FIRST WRONG BUTTON.

"Dear me!" said little Janet, "I  
buttoned just one button wrong, and  
that made all the rest go wrong;" and  
Janet tugged away and fretted, as if  
the poor buttons were quite at fault for  
her trouble.

"Patience! patience!" said mamma,  
smiling at the little fretful face, "and  
next time look out for the first wrong  
button; then you'll keep all the rest  
right. And," added mamma, as the  
last button was put in its place and the  
sewowing face was smooth once more,  
"look out for the first wrong deed  
of any kind; another and another is sure  
to follow."

Janet remembered how, one day not  
long ago, she struck baby Alice; that  
was the first wrong deed. Then she  
denied having done it; that was an-  
other. Then she was unhappy and  
cross all day because she had told a lie.  
What a long list of buttons fastened  
wrong just because one went wrong—  
because her naughty little hand struck  
baby! The best thing she could do to  
make it right again was to tell mamma  
how naughty she had been, and ask her  
to forgive her; but that was much  
harder than just to do the buttons  
again.

DO YOUR BEST.

This is the duty of all. Anything  
less than this is degrading to any man.  
Whatever your business, never be sat-  
isfied with anything less than the very  
best you can do at the time; and do  
better next time if you can. You are  
then sure of progress. Remember, the  
question is not how much you can do  
but how well you can do it. This is  
your true measure of success in any  
vocation of life. A man in high posi-  
tion, when taunted with once being a  
cobbler, said, "Did I not do my work  
well?" That is the question, whether  
cobbler, legislator or minister of the  
gospel, Did I not do my work well? Do  
your best.—Morning Star.

Catch-Up.

"My dear," says a fond New Haven  
mother to her child, "why do you not  
play with the little Jones boy?" "Oh,  
he's horrid. He says bad naughty  
words, just like papa does." Reform  
will begin at home in that family.

"Write foregoes on your slates,"  
said the teacher to the juvenile class  
in spelling, and a little girl wrote, "Go,  
go, go, go."

Mr. Budd asked her, "Rose, will  
thou be mine?" Rose answered, "I  
am sorry—but a rose can not be turned  
into a bud."

If a bank is blown up by gunpowder,  
the report is instantaneous. If it be  
burst by the cashier, the report does  
not come until the examiner gets ready  
to make it.

An architect met one of his patrons  
who had just returned from a tour in  
Greece. Said the architect, "Were  
you not immensely pleased at Athens?"  
"Yes," "You saw the Pantheon; what  
did you think of it?" "Pah! It is too  
awfully dilapidated!"

"Captain," said a cheeky youth, "is  
there any danger of disturbing the  
magnetic currents, if I examine that  
compass too closely?" and the stern  
mariner, loving his little joke, prompt-  
ly responded, "No, sir; brass has no  
effect whatever on them."

A candidate for the office of auditor  
of public accounts was suddenly called  
upon for a speech. On rising, he com-  
menced: "Fellow-citizens, you have  
called on me for a few remarks. I  
have none to make. I have no prepa-  
red speech. Indeed, I am no speaker;  
I do not desire to be a speaker—I  
only want to be an auditor."

The member of the New Hampshire  
Legislature, who denounced a bill that  
was under discussion as "treacherous  
as was the stabbing of Caesar by Judas  
in the Roman Capitol," is now trying  
to get out of it by saying that he used  
"by Judas" as a sort of oath, just as  
he would say "by George" or "by  
Tunket." He says he knew well  
enough it was Hannibal who stabbed  
Caesar.—The Methodist.

Josh Billings Heard From.  
NEWPORT, R. I., Aug. 11, 1880.  
Dear Bitters:—I am here trying to breathe  
in all the salt air of the ocean, and, having  
been a sufferer for more than a year with  
a refractory liver, I was induced to mix Hop  
Bitters with the sea gale, and have found  
the tincture a glorious result. \* \* \* I  
have been greatly helped by the Bitters,  
and am not afraid to say so.

Yours without a struggle,  
JOSEPH BILLINGS.

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## The Sabbath School.

LESSONS FOR 1882.  
(International Series.)PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR THE  
JOURNAL AND MESSENGER.Sabbath-school Lessons for the First  
quarter, 1882.

MARCH 5, 1882.

LESSON X.—CHRIST STILLING THE  
TEMPEST.MARK IV. 35-41. COMMIT TO MEMORY VS.  
37-41.35. And the same day, when the even was come,  
he saith unto them, Let us pass over unto the other  
side.36. And when they had sent away the multitude,  
they took him even as he was in the ship. And there  
were also with him other little ships.37. And there arose a great storm of wind, and  
the waves beat into the ship, so that it was now full.38. And he was in the hinder part of the ship,  
asleep on a pillow. And they awake him, and say  
unto him, Master, carest thou not that we perish?39. And he arose and rebuked the wind, and said  
unto the sea, Peace, be still. And the wind ceased,  
and there was a great calm.40. And he said unto them, Why are ye so fearful?  
how is it that ye have no faith?41. And they feared exceedingly, and said one to  
another, What manner of man is this, that even  
the wind and the sea obey him?GOLDEN TEXT.—"He maketh the storm  
a calm, so that the waves thereof are still."  
—Ps. ciii. 29.DAILY READINGS.—(M.) Mark iv. 35-41.  
(T.) Ps. ciii. 21-31. (W.) Acts xxvii. 14-26  
(Th.) Ps. ciii. 1-5. (F.) Isa. xl. 9-17.  
(S.) Ps. xli. 1-11. (S.) Ps. cxxiv. 1-8.

INTRODUCTORY.

In our last lesson we saw Jesus sitting in a boat, or "ship," on the margin of the Sea of Galilee, Sea of Tiberias, or Lake of Genesareth. He was speaking to the people in parables, and so presenting the things pertaining to the kingdom of God that those who were indifferent got little or no idea from what was said, while the thoughtful and inquiring were put in a way to learn not only how to understand the parables then and there spoken, but other parables when they might be spoken. Matthew tells us that after speaking the parables of the Sower, of the Tares, and perhaps some others, he "sent the multitude away and went into the house" (Matt. xiii. 36), and the expounded there parables to his disciples; still we do not know that it follows that all this was done on the same day, and that his going into the house intervened between the speaking of the parables to the multitude and his passage across the sea, as detailed in the present lesson. From the language of Mark we are led to understand that immediately as the evening drew on, his disciples pushed off the boat and started for the other side of the sea.

EXPOSITORY.

35. The same day when the even was come. That is, the same day in which he spoke the parable of the Sower and others. Or else we have to understand that on another occasion, with few beside his disciples, he sat in the vessel by the sea-side and spoke several of those parables which have gone just before, and then, at the close of his discourse the disciples pushed off the boat in obedience to his command. Let us pass over unto the other side. Capernaum, we remember, was on the west side of the sea, which was here about six miles wide. Ordinarily the lake was calm and peaceful, but there are, on the east side in particular, gorges in the high hills which border it, through which the wind sometimes comes down with great fury. Modern travelers have witnessed wonderful changes on this sea in a few minutes, testifying to the truthfulness of the record here.

36. And when they had sent away the multitude. This indicates that it was the same day in which he had spoken the parable of the Sower, when the great multitude is said to have been gathered. They took him even as he was in the ship. The same ship in which he sat while teaching, and which he did not leave. It was probably Peter's. We must remember that the so-called ships, used on the sea of Galilee, were not to be compared with what we now call a ship. They were not more than twenty to thirty feet long, with perhaps a low mast, depending mostly upon oars, having at best a deck only over a part of them, and able to carry not more than twenty men at most, probably, usually not more than half that number. In this instance we are to understand that all his disciples were with him and perhaps some others, boatmen connected with the vessel. There may have been fifteen to eighteen in the ship. And there were also with him other little ships. This in which Jesus was seems to have been of the largest size, and beside there were at hand smaller ones in which some of the multitude, possibly some of the disciples, entered, proposing to follow or accompany him across to the other side. Peter had no doubt vividly described this scene, of which he was an eye-witness, in the presence of Mark, who wrote the narrative.

37. And there arose a great storm of wind. Such a storm as we have just spoken of, coming at the close of a hot sultry day. And the waves beat into the ship, etc. The waves were soon raised, on so small a sea, and the heavy-laden, deckless vessel was soon filled or well-nigh filled—"filling"—with water, so that it was in great danger of sinking.

38. And he was in the hinder part of the ship, asleep on a pillow. And no wonder that he was asleep. What a day it had been! According to Matthew he began the day in the midst of a throng, and was so pressed by those who desired him to work miracles for them, etc., that his friends, "his mother and his brethren," were anxious for his health, and some said that he was beside himself in that he allowed himself to be so engrossed that he had no leisure even to eat. It was the same day, Matthew tells us (xiii. 1), that he went to the seaside and spoke the parables to the multitude which thronged him there. How many miracles he had wrought that day we are not certainly told, but no doubt many. Yet the teaching was an arduous day's work, and he had hardly had time to eat from morning till night. Unless the disciples had something in the vessel, there is nothing

to indicate that he had tasted food. It had been a day of intense labor, of weariness and fasting; what wonder, then, that as soon as the vessel was away from the beach and quiet had been secured, he reclined upon the cushion in the stern and was soon fast asleep. From this passage we gain a vivid conception of the humanity of Jesus. He hungered, and thirsted, and wearied, and slept like other men, and nothing but his intense ardor, his engagement to do the work for which he was sent, could have enabled him to accomplish so much in the time allowed him. He had now lain down in the most comfortable place in the vessel, where, no doubt, the disciples were glad to see him lie, and was sleeping the sleep of fatigue with a conscience at rest, because he had faithfully done the work of the day. And they awake him and say unto him, Master, carest thou not that we perish? No doubt they waited until they could refrain no longer. Perhaps, in their engagement with the vessel and their watchfulness, they almost forgot that he was there, or that he was not engaged with them. But when they were at their wits' end they thought of him, and in the excitement spoke to him somewhat rudely. Their question indicated petulance and impatience. They ought to have known that with the Son of God on board, the ship could not sink; but they had not as yet come to recognize him as undoubtedly the Son of God. He was as yet a mystery to them, though they loved him, and had great confidence in him. All this, however, was very natural. It is really just what we would have a right to expect from such men under such circumstances. "Carest thou not that we perish?" They included him with themselves, and they expected to all go to the bottom together. They had no idea that he could save them, and were surprised that he could be so indifferent.

39. And he arose and rebuked the wind, and said unto the sea, Peace, be still. He spoke first to the wind so that it was immediately hushed, and then to the waves, which else would have tossed for a long time, and they were at once calmed. The wind ceased, and there was a great calm. It takes several days after a storm before the ocean becomes calm, and so it would have taken hours for this sea to have become quieted, but that Jesus hushed it by his word. It was this stilling of the waves which proved the miraculous power at work.

40. And he said unto them, Why are ye so fearful? How is it that ye have no faith? Matthew has it, "Why are ye fearful, O ye of little faith?" and Luke, "Where is your faith?" All is to the same effect. They were afraid, and that because they still lacked faith in him as their protector. They had seen him work miracles on others, and they were ready to say good things of him, and yet they could not trust themselves in his hands. They did not think of him as divine when he was asleep, and they did not think that he could rule the waves. Their faith, which at some times they thought they had, now did them no good. It had ceased away.

41. And they feared exceedingly, and they said one to another, What manner of man is this? etc. They became overwhelmed with the thought that they were shut up in so narrow a place with one so powerful, and they failed to comfort themselves with the thought that he was their dearest friend, who had chosen them to be his companions. From the language of Matthew (viii. 27), "The men marvelled greatly," we are led to believe that the astonishment and the questioning was the part of the boatmen, or of those in some of the other boats, rather than on the part of the disciples. It was by those who did not know Jesus so well as these men did. Still, if it was the disciples who asked it, the fact simply shows how slow they were in coming to the conclusion that he was the Son of God, the true Messiah. They needed many lessons before they could understand him. And, what is sad to contemplate, some now are slower than were those disciples. They learn very slowly the truth concerning Jesus.

THE PATERNITY OF MARK.  
Bro. Lasher:—The fact of the Sabbath-school lessons being in Mark has given rise to much speculation and controversy as to who Mark was, and whether he was really the author of the Gospel which bears his name. Some contend that Peter wrote it; others, that while Mark was the amanuensis, Peter dictated to him, and thus is really the author. Others, again, admit that Mark wrote as an independent author, but that the work was submitted to the revision of Peter before it was given by authority to the churches. These hypotheses may all contain a little truth, and at the same time none of them be absolutely true. It is not altogether a flight of fancy to suppose that Mark was Peter's son; and, although he wrote his history as an independent author, he may have received many suggestions from his father. I admit that there is no positive proof, in New Testament, that Mark was the son of Peter, neither is there any proof that he was not; but there is much circumstantial evidence pointing in that direction.

In the first place, Peter had a family before he was called by Christ at the commencement of his ministry; and, so far as the record shows, he was the only one who had a family. The next point I make is this: That Mark himself was the young man of whom he speaks (Mark xiv. 51) as following in the crowd on the night of Christ's arrest, and that he dextrously makes this remark to show that he was an eye-witness of the events which he records. And it is more reasonable to suppose he was actuated by filial regard for the welfare of his father, on that eventful night, than by idle curiosity. Again: When Peter was miraculously released from prison (Acts xii. 12), he went to the

house of Mary, the mother of John, whose surname was Mark. What would be more natural than that he should go home? For his home was now in Jerusalem and not in Galilee. If this theory be correct (and it is absolutely no testimony to confute it), then Mary was his wife and Mark his son. This theory is strengthened by the fact of many of the disciples being met there to sympathize with Mary and her family, and to pray for the deliverance of the husband and father. But Mark was the nephew of Barnabas, and if he was Peter's son, then Peter and Barnabas were brothers-in-law. Paul and Barnabas were co-laborers in the missionary work, and Mark accompanied them for a time and then left them, which greatly offended Paul (see Acts xv. 39), and this bitterness to the son was transferred to the father also (see Galatians ii. 13, etc.); and the sharpness extended to Barnabas, Peter's brother-in-law. But enough for this time. At some future time I may pursue the subject further.

JAMES M. COOPER.  
NEW MAYSVILLE, Ind., Feb. 6, 1882.  
[We recognize in Bro. Cooper a Bible student of no mean acquirements and he has written several excellent articles for the JOURNAL AND MESSENGER. But we can not agree with him in his theory, or conjecture, relative to the relation of Peter and Mark. He says that "there is no testimony to confute it;" and we make answer, There is no testimony for it. It is the merest conjecture; and while we are guessing we may as well guess that Mark was the son of Gamaliel, or Nicodemus, or Joseph of Arimathea. It is absurd to hold that Mary, the mother of Mark, was the wife of Peter, and that the evangelist should go around to say that when Peter was released from prison "he went to the house of Mary, the mother of John, whose surname was Mark," when he meant simply to say that Peter went home. It is hardly less absurd to believe that if Mark was at the gate of Gethsemane on account of his "filial regard for the welfare of his father," he left his father and went with his uncle, who was engaged in the same work, and wanted to go, the second time, so much as to interfere with the peace of Paul and Barnabas.

No less absurd is it to talk of the "bitterness" of Paul towards Mark, and to claim that it was "transferred to the father also." In the first place there was no bitterness, and in the second place, Paul was not a fool, nor a weakling, nor a devil, and he did not "transfer" any "bitterness" from a son to a father. We think that Bro. Cooper has the honor of suggesting an entirely new theory with regard to the paternity of "John whose surname was Mark."—Ed.]

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MAN'S MORTALITY.

[The following poem is justly considered a poetical gem of the highest order. The original was found in an Irish MS. in Trinity College, Dublin. There is reason to think that the poem was written by one of those primitive Christian bards in the reign of King Diarmid, about the year 554, and was sung and chanted at the last grand assembly of kings, chieftains and bards, held in the famous halls of Tara. The translation is by Dr. Donne.]

Like a damask rose you see,  
Or like a blossom on a tree,  
Or like the dainty flower in May,  
Or like the morning in the day,  
Or like the sun, or like the shade,  
Or like the gourd which Jonah made;  
Even such is man, whose thread is spun,  
Drawn out and out, and so is done.  
The flower fades, the morning hasteth,  
The sun sets, the shadow fadeth,  
The gourd consumes, the man—he dies.

Like the grass that's newly sprung,  
Or like the tale that's new begun,  
Or like the bird that's here to-day,  
Or like the peacock in his May,  
Or like an hour, or like a span,  
Or like the singing of the swan;  
Even such is man, who lives by breath,  
Is here, now there, in life and death.  
The grass withers, the tale is ended,  
The bird is down, the dove is fled,  
The hour is short, the span not long,  
The swan's near death, man's life is done.

Like to the bubble in the brook,  
Or in a glass that's full of froth,  
Or like the shuttle in weaver's hand,  
Or like the writing on the sand,  
Or like a thought, or like a dream,  
Or like the gilding of the stream;  
Even such is man, who lives by breath,  
Is here, now there, in life and death.  
The bubble's out, the look's forgot,  
The shuttle's flung, the writing's blot,  
The thought is past, the dream is gone,  
The water's glide, man's life is done.

Like an arrow from a bow,  
Or like a swift course of water down,  
Or like the time 'twixt flood and ebb,  
Or like the spider's tender web,  
Or like a race, or like a goal,  
Or like the dealing of a dale;  
Even such is man, whose brittle state  
Is always subject unto fate.  
The arrow shot, the flood soon spent,  
The time no time, the web soon rent,  
The race soon run, the goal soon won,  
The dale soon dealt, man's life soon done.

Like to the lightning from the sky,  
Or like a post that quick doth die,  
Or like a quaver in a song,  
Or like a journey three days long,  
Or like the snow when summer's come,  
Or like a pear, or like a plum;  
Even such is man, who heaps up sorrow,  
Lives but this day, and dies to-morrow.  
The lightning's past, the post must go,  
The song is short, the journey so,  
The pear doth rot, the plum doth fall,  
The snow dissolves, and so must all.

—Exchange.  
An infidel, who was school trustee, would not give the key of the school-house to a Christian lady who desired to hold a Sunday-school in it. Though his denial was rough, and even insulting, yet she nevertheless said to him: "I think I am going to get it. I am going to pray over it, and I have found out from experience that when I keep on praying something gives way." The next time she saw him, his hard heart had given way, and he not only handed her the key, but eventually himself took a part in the work of saving souls. The praying that makes something give way is the praying that is worth something.—S. S. Teacher.

Humbugged Again.  
I saw so much said about the merits of Hop Bitters, and my wife, who was always doctoring and never well, teased me so urgently to get her some I concluded to be humbugged again; and I am glad I did, for in less than two weeks the use of the Bitters my wife was cured, and she has remained so for eighteen months since. I like such humbugging.—H. T. St. Paul, Pioneer Press.

## LINES BY DR. JUDSON.

A fresh word from Dr. Judson seems a strange treasure, now that so many years have passed, and the children who watched his first work for God have become the mothers watching over ours. But these lines have, I think, never before been published. They were written during his visit to this country, for Mrs. Rebecca Kendall Fyfe, whose mother was a warm friend of the first Mrs. Judson, in response to her request that he would write in her album the three words, "America, Burmah, Heaven."

"Oh, grant that Christ and Heaven be mine!  
What can I want beside?  
In Freedom's Land I'll make my grave,  
Or sink beneath the ocean wave,  
Or live to tell his power to save  
Who has for Burmah died."

In the light that after events shed upon them, there seems a strange prophecy in the words,  
"Or sink beneath the ocean wave,"  
added, as they were, when not needed either for measure or rhyme, or to embody the thought conveyed in Mrs. Fyfe's request.

God first deprives us of everything we have, that we may be willing to take all things from him. While prosperity blesses us we are very apt to trust in self. The Lord must make us poor in spirit and in body, too, very often, before we will accept the true riches which he offers freely to all. The Holy Spirit must teach us our sinfulness, our utter depravity, our helplessness poverty, before he can lead us to Christ in faith for the riches of forgiveness and peace. He first, by his gracious influence, leads us to long and sigh for comfort, to hunger and thirst for spiritual nourishment, and then we behold about us the bread of life in never failing abundance.—Lutheran Observer.

We send back chapters of the Pansy serial, "Mrs. Solomon Smith Looking On," to any new subscribers who ask for them. It is one of Pansy's best.

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Do you know what it is to suffer with Piles? If you do, you know what is one of the worst torments of the human frame. The most perfect cure ever known is Kidney-Wort. It cures constipation, and then its tonic action restores health to the disordered bowels and prevents recurrence of disease. Try it without delay. The dry and the liquid are both sold by druggists.—Globe.

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Feet and Ears, and all other  
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the case, proper use of this remedy will  
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complicated with constipation. Kidney-Wort  
strengthens the weakened parts and quickly  
cures all kinds of piles even when physicians  
and medicines have failed.  
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cence from Fevers, &c.  
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ceived immediate and wonderful results. I could not return to my usual work  
until I had used three bottles of the Dietarters. Since using I have done twice the  
work I ever did in the same time, using my usual diet, and with double the ease. With this natural nerve  
work, I know not what I give to those who  
J. J. WATSON, Pastor Christian Church, Troy, O.

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the entire Southern and Western country to bear his testimony to the truth of the assertion that in  
no case whatever will it fail to cure if the directions are strictly followed and carried out. In a  
great many cases a single dose has been sufficient for a cure, and whole families have been cured  
in a single bottle, with a perfect restoration of the general health. It is, however, prudent, and in  
every case more certain to cure if its use is continued in smaller doses for a week or two after the  
disease has been checked, more especially in difficult and long-standing cases. Usually this medicine  
will not require any aid to keep the bowels in good order. Should the patient, however, require  
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## Journal and Messenger.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 3, 1882.

## "C. E. B."

## "All Your Care."

Peter knew by experience what God was able and willing to do for those who put their trust in him. His Epistles are the result of this experience. They are thoroughly practical. Hence, when he tells us to cast all our care upon God (1 Peter v. 7), we accept the exhortation as expressing the right and duty of every Christian. Yet how slow are most of us to act upon it. We labor and are heavily laden while the Lord himself stands beside us, willing and anxious to take all our burdens and to give us rest. Why is this? There are two reasons in my own case:

First, I find it hard to realize that the great Jehovah can take an interest in my petty troubles and anxieties. How utterly insignificant they must seem to one who is lighting suns and making worlds for miles around them. But God cares for moths and animals as well as for Sirius and Aldebaran. See how he polishes the insects that we can see without a microscope; though there are more of them than we could count in a lifetime. His greatness is shown in the fact that he is doing something all the time, everywhere, and doing it well. He is omnipresent. He is here counting the hairs on my head while he is also away pondering on the remotest star and on the throne of the universe. He is in all places in the fullness of his power and love. He is the mighty God in the water drop, and in the sunbeam—in the humble, contrite heart and in the heart of the little child. He is not controlled by our ideas of what is great and small. That which we call a trifle may be of incalculable value in his sight.

Suppose you are in a factory where a hundred wheels are revolving and a thousand men are at work. A skillful superintendent is in charge. He sees a little screw loose. Surely he will not care for such a trifle. But he does care. He summons a workman and says to him, "Tighten that at once." He waits to see that it is done. He knows that if the screw had fallen out and thrown a single shaft away from its true place, the abnormal action of the machinery would soon have torn it to pieces. God as the Great Superintendent must watch every movement of matter and mind in the universe. He must be "a God at hand" always and everywhere. Hence it is easy for him to carry my burdens; and he must be with me, for he fills immensity with his presence, and he must care for me since I belong to him. Observe as I regard myself, I have a place in God's great plan. What I am and what I do affects in some degree the development of that plan, as the smallest star by its attraction influences the orbit of the largest and the revolutions of all the worlds in space. God, then, as Creator and Ruler, must care for me, as the superintendent cares for the smallest screw in the factory.

But God has a special interest in me if I am a Christian. He has bought me for a great price. He is preparing me for a conspicuous place. I am to shine as the sun in his kingdom. I am to be a king and a priest unto him forever. All my life I am being shaped and polished for my high destiny. Every day and hour and moment the tools of the Divine Sculptor are at work. What I call cares are the proofs or the results of that work. In regard to them, I am to exercise faith. I am to look to God when I suffer just as the patient looks to the surgeon when he feels the knife. "Doctor," he says, "you are skillful. You won't give me unnecessary pain. You will see to it that the operation is safe and the result salutary." "Yes," replies the doctor; "trust in me." And though that trust does not relieve the patient from suffering, it does relieve him from anxiety.

This also brings me to the second reason. I do not realize what God will do when I cast all my care upon him. I would like to have relief from that which troubles me. But if he has sent the trouble for my good, he will not take it away when I cry to him. The surgeon won't abandon the knife when the patient asks him to, but he will give him a tonic or an anodyne. If the marble that the sculptor was working on was full of nerves, and felt every blow of the hammer, would he abandon his purpose of making a statue, because it complained? No! He would say to it: "Be patient; trust in me. By this chiseling I will make out of you a form whose symmetry and beauty ages will admire." And the conscious marble, trusting in him and looking forward to the result he promised, would endure the pain—endure it as would be impossible if it thought the sculptor was cutting and carving in anger or in sport. So with us. If we have faith in God, and realize that in all our daily cares he is shaping and polishing our spirits, we are comforted. Adding to our faith patience, hope springs up and transforms our sorrows into joys.

David wrote (Ps. lv. 22): "Cast thy burden on the Lord, and he will sustain thee. He will not take away the burden, but will give strength to carry it. Paul prayed that his thorn in the flesh might be removed. But God, instead of removing it, said: "My grace is sufficient for thee." And from that time on the thorn was a comfort and a joy to the apostle. It was God's pledge to him that he would be cared for—that as his day his strength should be. This, then, is what Peter exhorts us to do: Believe in the presence, the power and the love of God. Believe that he will make all things work together for our good. Believe that his arms of love are round about us ever. Believe that cares are mercies in disguise, and that faith can see through the disguise and behold angel faces in the cloud. Yes, we come back as we study this matter to

the great law of Christian life—to the grand panacea for all pain—the blessed fountain of all joy—faith in God. He careth for us. Let us accept that statement in its fullness and its sweetness; then all fear and anxiety are gone. Then care is care but in name, for grace transmutes the very dross of earth into the gold and jewelry of heaven.

SAN FRANCISCO, April 13, 1882.

## THE CITY OF BROTHERLY LOVE.

A Sabbath view of it. A day that commenced in clouds, but thought better of it, and broke into sunshine before the morning was well advanced, and then had a breath as soft and balmy as the spring.

Very early in the morning we started for the church service, for we were toward town, and the church to which we were moving was toward town; and those terms mean, in Philadelphia, even more, much more, than they do in New York. So a long walk was our portion. Not that there were not street cars in profusion dodging up and down the busy streets, but we had once more a realizing sense of the undeniable truth that "principles is inconvenient things," and trudged past them.

Not that there were not plenty of churches near at hand, if we chose not to walk so far, but the point of sight upon which we had set our hearts that day was the Memorial Baptist Church.

After all, it was a very trifling of a walk to people who have learned the accomplishment; only a mile and a quarter. What would an English lady think of that!

The special reason for selecting and insisting on attending just that church on that particular morning was that it was to be our last opportunity, for the present at least, to listen to Dr. Henson, who goes, or rather has gone, as you are probably aware, from his old home in Philadelphia to his new one in Chicago.

Early as we were, admonished by friends to be early, even unreasonably so if we wanted to get in, we were apparently late. The crowd reached away across the broad sidewalk out into the road, and was increasing every moment. We looked in alarm, to discover that the church doors were not yet thrown open.

It was a decorous crowd; there was no pushing, no noise; there were no funny speeches; it was simply a company of Christian people waiting quietly for admission to their sanctuary. Yet it increased in number every moment. The friend who was piloting us touched my arm, and motioned to the side, or Sabbath-school entrance, where I presently followed her. She mentioned a well-known name at the door and was instantly admitted. Through the Sabbath-school room, through a hall leading to another Sabbath-school room, through a long, narrow passage, up a flight of back stairs, and other hall way, and we were in the great audience-room; and, by reason of the address name, were shown at once to a central seat, which belongs to the name.

We owe it to the fact that we could honestly report ourselves as friends of Mrs. Kennedy, the lady who prepares the different grades of Sabbath-school lessons for the Philadelphia Baptist Publication Society, that we had a seat at all that morning. A few moments more and the main doors were thrown open, and the busy ushers were doing their best for the quiet crowds that now steadily poured in. Fifteen hundred seats, counting four sittings to a few, and omitting the aisle seats. Almost in less time than it takes me to tell it, every one was taken. Then began the crowding process. All the seats will hold five, and can, on occasion, be made to receive six. That Sabbath was the occasion; the spirit of accommodation was abroad. Five minutes before the hour for opening service all the sitting and standing room in the great, handsome church was occupied, and the ushers had to shake their heads regretfully to those who, at the doors, were still for pushing in.

Memorial Church is a beautiful building, outside and in. It is built, or at least finished in that peculiar green stone which is seen so frequently in Philadelphia, and which, to my mind, is as beautiful as marble. Within, the most careful attention has evidently been paid to the matter of hearing; the shape is somewhat after the most approved opera-house style, and the result, that none of the pews stretch away into the distance, out of range of the preacher's eye. Take a seat where you will, in the great building, you feel as though you had a central position; which is true, the positions are all central. For the rest, the stained-glass windows, the frescoing, carpeting, upholstery, etc., are all very fine; rather gay, possibly, for some eyes, but beautiful, certainly. "What a peculiar light," whispered a friend on my right, and I could not help whispering back that I should call it a peculiar darkness. Had the speaker been confined to his notes, or, indeed, needed any notes at all, he could hardly have read them without the aid of gas. The floral decorations were simple, but exceedingly lovely. In front of the desk was a large floral cross, the flowers nearly all crimson and white, great lovely lilies being prominent in it.

"Is that cross for Dr. Henson?" whispered a wee girlie in the seat beside me, and the young man whom she addressed answered with a sudden rush of color and a dimming of his fine eyes:

"No, I think it is for Dr. Henson's people."

Yet when the Doctor appeared, with his face pale and grave, his eyes sweeping over the scene for an instant, then suddenly drooping and filling with tears, a looker-on would have said that the cross was also for him. Twenty-one years of union as pastor and people, and the wrench to take place that day. No wonder there were crosses other than floral ones.

"They desire a better country." Such were the simple, suggestive words of the text. I had never heard the Doctor

preach, but had frequently heard him lecture. While I sat waiting for the crowds to be seated, I found my mind running over certain passages of his lecture on "Fools"—the very title being impressed upon me by the peculiar and suggestive looks of the ticket of admittance which read thus, "Fools! Admit One!"—trying to imagine how the brilliant speaker would manage a sermon. If I had half expected sparkle, a play of words, a temptation to laugh, certainly the solemn sermon that followed entirely shut away all such thoughts from my heart. It was tender, earnest, eloquent, solemn even to sadness, and yet with an undertone of triumph. All possible praise was given to this present world; its beauty, its grandeur, its adaptiveness, were painted with lavish hand, and most hearty thanks to the Creator of it all were offered in strains of eloquence that it will be hard to forget. But then, there was the other side of the picture; cold, hunger, want of every kind, trial, pain, disease, accident, fire, flood, pestilence, and last of all, and most frequent of all, and most certain of all, death were painted before us with no sparing hand.

"I can conceive," said the speaker, in a slow, impressive voice, "I can conceive of a better country." A moment of solemn silence, and then he let the wings of his imagination soar, and carried the hearts of his hearers with him to the very gates of the celestial city, filling us with the thought that it was indeed a "better country," reminding us, in passing, of the fact that "men have not heard, nor perceived by the ear, neither hath the eye seen, what he hath prepared for him that waiteth for him."

There was not the slightest reference to the coming separation, and scarcely a word concerning the sudden heavy sorrow that had shut down upon him, when the midnight call came last week, during his absence, to the dear old mother, and before the combined powers of electricity and steam could bring him to her, she had traveled to that "better country." Yet to his sorrowing people the whole sermon seemed an outcry of a great heart. He was a strangely tender sight to look around the immense audience, and see the heads bowed, and note the tearful faces, and listen to the poorly suppressed sobs. A very large proportion of the audience was young men and women who must have grown from babyhood up to man and womanhood, under the ministrations of this pastor, they having known no other. No wonder that their hearts failed them on this day of parting.

A marked feature of the day was the administration of baptism to nine or ten young people; some of them little children. Two little girls, sisters, stood together on either side of their pastor, their heads just high enough to show above the baptismal rail, making a memorable picture, combined with the tremulous voice of the pastor as he said, "Suffer the little children, and forbid them not, to come unto me." He referred briefly to the peculiar views of the denomination, emphasizing the fact that these, though young, had come understandingly, of their own will and desire, although in a special and tender sense they had also been brought by loving Christian parents and earnest teachers. There was, however, no lingering over the topic, and no pressure upon it, that need jar on the finest sensibilities of those of other denominations. The entire service was to my mind sweet and impressive.

Philadelphia will undoubtedly miss Dr. Henson. I fancy that the young men, of which there was a very large proportion in his congregation, will miss him. Possibly his successor may find it hard to fill his place, to fill the great church which he has filled it. "We always have a full church in the mornings," said one of the members, a young man, whose face was shadowed all day by the coming parting; "and in the evening we always use the aisle seats."

"Are such full congregations on Sabbath evenings peculiar to Philadelphia?" I asked him, and he replied with a sad smile: "No; I am a little afraid that they are peculiar to Dr. Henson."

In the afternoon I looked in on this same Memorial Church Sabbath-school. Beautiful rooms, crowded with eager scholars and earnest workers. Up stairs in Mrs. Kennedy's department, the experiment of a new intermediate grade is being tried; graduates from the primary, who yet are not fitted, either by taste or education, for the slower, and shall I say duller methods of the main department? So, in this upper room, Mrs. Kennedy has gathered about her fifty girls and boys between the ages of ten and thirteen or fourteen, where the primary methods, rearranged and adapted to the advanced powers of these young people, are put in use. I think the effort, in this school at least, has passed beyond the realm of experiment and is considered a perfect success. I am sure all primary teachers who have watched with sorrowing heart, to see scholars, once among the most interested, being promoted to another department gradually lose their enthusiasm and drop out, because the transition was too sudden and the contrast too sharp, will hail with joy the suggestion of a second primary, to be called perhaps the preparatory class or other name that shall dignify it in the eyes of the young people.

Across the street from our stopping place was the Centennial Baptist Church, which, by the way, is building fine new quarters for itself. On the Sabbath evening in question its special service for the Sabbath-school, with reserved seats for the parents, was due, and thither we went. A large bright, pleasant room, many children who sang well. An address by Rene Gillon, a Frenchman, a lay worker, a white-haired, white-bearded, earnest-faced, young-hearted old man, was the feature of the hour. An eminently scriptural address, taking for a key note the word

"fountain," beginning with a description of the fountain in the park, with its false inscription "ever flowing," when all the boys and girls knew that it had not sent out a drop of water for two years; rising gradually to a description of the marble fountains of the royal past in certain ancient cities, costing their millions of dollars, deserted now; leading up presently to the "fountain opened for sin and uncleanness," never to cease its flowing, so long as one unsaved sinner wanted to wash in it and be clean. A vigorous address, and a tender one; and one to which the boys, rows of them, at the trying age, listened to the very close. I heard, without surprise, that the fine old man has charge of a mission in some of the dense portions of Philadelphia, which he manages with skill and effect.

The closing song at this anniversary closed my Sabbath day in the Quaker City. A full day, certainly, a white day in my memory, wherein I had glimpses given me of the "better country," such as I shall remember, even until my feet touch its shores. A day in which I received a quickened impulse in my efforts for the lambs of the flock, and some new ideas as to ways of helping them toward the green pastures of the Shepherd's love. I went home with the refrain of the children's closing song repeating itself in my heart:

"I shall dwell in his temple of glory above,  
And sing evermore of his grace and his love.  
My Shepherd will provide,  
Whatever may betide,  
I am secure, for his promise is sure:  
"The Lord will provide.""

Yours truly,  
ASBURY PARK, March, 1882.

## "TWO KINDS OF WINE."

"The old fiction of two kinds of wine in Scripture, one fermented and the other unfermented, must be surrendered." "To have this at length confessed, however slowly and reluctantly," a learned writer in the *Evangelist* declares to be "a great gain." Well, if the Professors are satisfied with this "great gain," will they tell us whether there were two kinds of "fruit of the vine" in the time when our Savior instituted the Supper? They seem to forget that neither he nor any one of his apostles ever used the word "wine" with reference to the sacramental cup. They have displayed vast learning and no little contempt for the "unlearned" advocates of total abstinence from intoxicating liquors, in proving (as they think) that the word "wine" means "fermented juice of the grape." What if this be granted? Then, unfermented juice of the grape is not wine; but will they deny that it is "the fruit of the vine?"

Our Lord "took bread, and blessed, and brake." Were there two kinds of bread in his time—leavened and unleavened? No one will be likely to deny this. But it is quite certain that orthodox Jews did not have leavened bread on their tables at the Passover feast. It must have been unleavened bread that our Lord "blessed and brake," and said "This is my body." Do we sin, if we use leavened bread? We all feel a liberty to consult our convenience as to this. What if, in our land and time, unleavened bread were unwholesome and dangerous to some communicants? Would not the use of leavened bread be still more evidently proper? Even if some "weak brethren" only fancied that unleavened bread hurt them, would it be a very absurd exercise of charity to provide leavened bread?

## POST-MORTEM RELIGION.

BY REV. JOHN BALL, D. D., NEW YORK.

Suppose Herod Antipas had died six months before John the Baptist was beheaded. Imagine a court-preacher of the day making the funeral address. There is no evidence that the Jews had at that time any service-book or anything to read, in the synagogue except the Old Testament. So he must make his funeral service according to the circumstances. He would, of course, glance lightly at that infelicity of the royal departed which complicated his domestic life by making him the husband of his niece, who was also his living brother's wife, and in the room of his living wife. "There are, however, happily other and brighter spots on which the memory would love to linger. He had shown the deepest interest in that great revival preacher who had, as all knew, stirred the hearts of thousands. He had heard him often, and been deeply impressed. He had even opened his house to him. He gave the influence of his great name and authority to him, so that the courtiers, as they all knew, had been also attracted and interested. Not only that, but the distinguished dead had proved the depth and sincerity of his convictions by doing many things recommended by the eloquent preacher. How can we, in view of all these evidences of pleasure and profit from such ministrations, doubt that this child of an Idumean family has gone to be with Abraham, Isaac and Jacob?" Unfortunately, however, Herod lived too long, and his having a place in history is mainly due to the circumstance that he ordered the beheading of this "interesting" and eloquent preacher without the formality of a trial, and from being a patronizing and interested hearer becomes the Baptist's murderer.

It is one thing to like a stirring sermon now and then, the reality of which is a pleasant variety among the shallow and painted frauds of theater and opera, and even fashionable social life, and it is quite another to believe with the heart what is said. It is one thing to be on good terms with the prominent men in the church, and to conciliate their followers, now and then, to give a subscription, perhaps even forego a dinner-party to preside at a benevolent meeting; and it is quite another to submit one's self to God in faith and obedience. It is one thing to respect devoted men and even pub-

licly compliment them as sincere and so forth, and quite another to put lusts and passions under the control of the truth they teach, and to deny ungodliness and worldly lusts. But to rich and poor, high and low, this is the divine requirement; and we must be sparing of our eulogies over men, as Christians, however prominent or public-spirited as citizens, if they have never given evidence of subjection to the Father of spirits. Happily we are not the judge of men's standing before God; but we may make ourselves such, and rest favorable judgments on very slender evidences.—*Interior.*

## WHY HASTE TO DIE?

BY A. HEATH.

O, restless soul, why haste to die?  
Why long to lay thine armor by,  
While hapless brothers still demand  
Continued aid on every hand?

The great beyond—we hope to see—  
Will bring sufficient rest to thee.  
Though doomed to toil, from day to day,  
I will not sigh to pass away.

I'll live as long as life I can,  
To honor God by serving man,  
And when my earthly race is run,  
I trust the Lord will say, "Well done."

"For Paul to live, was Christ," the Lord,  
And yet, to die, did he regard  
A signal gain to those who roam  
Away from heaven, their cherished home.

There, in the Christian's home above,  
I hope to sing redeeming love,  
Aye, in the mansions of the blest,  
To enter on eternal rest.

Then, O my soul, why haste to die,  
Because of transient misery  
Connected with thy mission here,  
When rest, eternal rest, is there?

Yours truly,  
PANSY.

## A TRIUMPH OF ENGINEERING.

BY N. H. EGGLESTON.

The Hoosac Tunnel, with all the delays, mistakes, and disappointments connected with it, is a grand achievement. It is one of the great works of our time. Begun, in its conception, as part of a canal, its completion marks the triumph of the railway, and the great change of inland transportation from the water to the land. Begun with the purpose to make it a part of a canal which, in connection with the Erie Canal, then in process of construction, should form a great line of communication and transport between the new West and the Atlantic markets and manufacturing, the tunnel has hardly been completed and brought into use when the question is under debate whether the great Erie Canal itself shall not be abandoned, as no longer able to compete with the railway. Already twenty passenger and many freight trains pass through the tunnel daily. Every morning through this gateway of the Green Mountains roll the cars whose wheels, the evening but one before, began their revolution at St. Louis, beside the Father of Waters. More than three hundred cars daily carry their burden through this new avenue of transit. Following, to a great extent, the line of the natural water-courses on the route, the easy grades thus secured cheapen the cost of transportation from California and Dakota, from the corn fields of Illinois and the wheat fields of Minnesota, to Massachusetts Bay; and a cent-less freight on each bushel of grain or barrel of flour means millions of dollars saved to the consumers of bread in New and in Old England.

If for nothing else the tunnel would be worthy of notice as a triumph of engineering. Some may think that it was only a question of Patrick with his drill and plenty of gunpowder and time; and that to go through a mountain is no more than to go through a hill, or a short rock cutting, except that the process is lengthened with the distance. But "time is money." It would take fifty years to go through the Hoosac Mountain, beginning at any point on one side, and burrowing to the other. We could not wait for that. No one, not even a State government, would put capital into a work the end of which was to be reached only after half a century. So the tunnel must be begun at more than one point. Here at once is involved a nice problem of engineering. Working simultaneously from opposite sides of the mountain, it is no longer Patrick burrowing through by whatever zigzag course he may chance to take, but these tunnels from opposite sides must be so directed that they shall finally meet, and fall into an accurate line of adjustment. How shall this be done? As any one can see, who gives the matter a moment's thought, a slight deviation from the mathematical line required would cause the two arms of the tunnel to miss each other. The width of the tunnel is twenty-four feet. It is only necessary, therefore, for the approaching excavations to swerve from their true place at the point of expected junction by anything more than half that measure, or twelve feet, in order to slip by each other, and go farther and farther asunder, instead of coming together. Who will measure and set the angle which shall determine the momentous difference in such a case between success and failure? The tunnel is to be nearly five miles long. Each channel from the opposite sides of the mountain will therefore be nearly two miles and a half in length. The problem then, is to run two lines of excavation through a mountain, with no visible point in front to aim at, as the engineer has in the open field, and yet to have them so nearly coincident in direction, for a distance of twelve thousand feet each, that they will not miss each other, but form one continuous whole. No Creedmore rifle needs to be aimed so nicely in order to hit the bull's eye. No allowances for wind to swerve, or the power of gravitation to draw down the ball from its proper course, render the marksman's problem so difficult of solution as the engineer's in this case. An error in the sighting of his instrument, amounting literally to a hair's breadth, would send the arms of its excavation wide asunder into the bowels of the dark rock, leaving his tunnel no tunnel at all, but only a worm's track in the mountain. But the problem in this instance was still further complicated. To hasten the completion of the tunnel by providing additional faces on which

the workmen could operate, as well as for the purpose of ventilation, it was determined, as we have seen, to sink a shaft from the top of the mountain to the level of the tunnel, midway between the two ends. Two factors were thus at once added to the problem; first, to fix so accurately the point on the mountain at which to begin downward excavation that when, after working by faith for four years, the estimated time necessary, the miners should have reached the requisite depth, they would be in the exact line of the projected and partly completed tunnel; and, secondly, from that pit in the depths of the mountain, to be able to aim their course in either direction so correctly as to be sure of meeting the company of miners approaching them from both extremes of the tunnel. In short, here were four tunnels to be made at the base of the mountain at one and the same time, and another from the summit perpendicular to them, and all to be exactly in the same plane, on penalty of the failure of the entire enterprise!

It was a difficult problem. But it was solved most triumphantly. When the headings from the central shaft and from the eastern portal came together, as come together they did, their alignments swerved from each other by the almost infinitesimal space of five sixteenths of an inch? It was an unparalleled feat of engineering. With the best engineering talent of Europe the opposite arms of the Mont Cenis Tunnel had a divergence of more than half a yard. The office and worth of science were admirably illustrated in the case of the Hoosac. It was science, applied science, which built this great thoroughfare of traffic and travel. Its lines and proportions were all ascertained and laid down by scientific calculation. Patrick could pound the drill and light the fuse that would explode the charges of powder; but without scientific engineering to lay his path for him and mark every drill hole, Patrick would have wandered in the depths of the mountain till doomsday, with his powder and drills, and no practical tunnel would have been the result.—*March Atlantic.*

## TALMAGE ON NEWSPAPERS.

Rev. Dr. Talmage, in a recent sermon, said of newspapers:

I tell you, my friends, that a good newspaper is the grandest blessing that God has given to the people of this century—the grandest temporal blessing. The theory is abroad that anybody can make a newspaper with the aid of a capitalist. The fact is that fortunes are swallowed up every year in the vain effort to establish newspapers. The large papers swallow up the smaller ones. The big whale eats about fifty minnows. We have 7,000 dailies and weeklies in the United States and Canada, and only 36 are a half century old. The average life of a newspaper is five years. Most of them die of cholera infantum. It is high time that it was understood that the most successful way to sink a fortune and keep it sunk is to start a newspaper. A man with an idea starts the "Universal Gazette," or the "Millennium Advocate," finally the money is all spent, and the subscribers wonder why their papers do not come. Let me tell you that if you have an idea, either moral, social, political, or religious, you had better charge on the world through the columns already established.

## HIS FIRST POEM.

The first article of mine that ever saw the light was a little poem of four stanzas, entitled "James's Tree." A little lad, son of the late Judge Dewey, of Massachusetts, stuck a willow twig into the ground of his father's garden, which took root after the manner of such trees and grew into a tree. The boy lived long enough to call this tree his own, and to secure its protection as such; and then he died. After his death I wrote the poem, and it was published in the *Youth's Companion*, a publication still prosperous. I was then seventeen years old, and that was forty-four years ago. I took the printed copy containing it from the post-office, peeped within, and then walked home on air. I shall probably never be so absorbingly happy as I was then. Earth has nothing like it—earth never had anything like it—for me. I have seen my work in type since then until I am tired of the sight of it, but I can never forget the great joy of that occasion. Smith College, in Northampton, now stands on the site of the old Dewey place, and when they cleared things away for a new building they found an old, gnarled willow tree. On learning the history of the tree, and the nature of my association with it, President Seelye had a book-case, handsomely mounted, made of it, and sent it to me. Of course it was installed among my household gods.—*Dr. Holland.*

FAIR tests of the value of total abstinence from alcoholic drinks are much to be desired. An English Life Insurance Company has furnished one of great value. It has a temperance section and a general section. Into the first it admitted only persons who have been total abstainers for some years. This test is not applied in the general section. For the fifteen years 1866-1880, the expected deaths in the temperance section (according to the rules in use for ascertaining the expectation of life) were 3,743, and the actual deaths were 3,744. In the temperance section, according to the same rules, the expected deaths were 2,184, and the actual deaths only 1,566—that is to say, 618 less than the deaths expected under the general rules. This shows a saving of life to nearly thirty per cent. for the whole period. This seems to us to present a very fair test of the value of total abstinence.

To be sure, no one would question the destructive power of excessive drinking; but the general section is not made up of excessive drinkers. Men of such habits are excluded from the general section. It is, therefore, a comparison between total abstinence and what is called "moderate drinking."

The May Musical Festival Libretto for 1882, published and sold by the Festival Association, is a very handsome pamphlet of 180 pages, giving a history of the Cincinnati Musical Festival, the programmes of the seven concerts, the English words of all the music, with an historical and descriptive sketch of each composition, with the portraits of the composers, viz.: Mozart, Handel, Beethoven, Bach, Wagner, Schubert, Schumann, Liszt and Berlioz; a picture of Materna, the chief soprano, and a number of allegorical designs. There is also a full list of the names of the orchestra and chorus, with all other necessary information. The book is beautifully printed on fine paper, and worthy of being preserved. W. N. Hobart, the Secretary, will send it to any address postpaid on receipt of forty cents. It will prove especially valuable to those who expect to attend the Festival.

CHATTANOOGA, Tenn.—The forecast, ability and enterprise of Cincinnati was shown in the construction of the Cincinnati Southern Railway—one of the best roads in the United States. Coming from the North to Chattanooga, and taking a survey of various localities in East Tennessee, I found a striking contrast—the climate equable, lands good, and scenery grand. That part opened up by the Cincinnati Southern Railway is comparatively undeveloped, and its present rapid settlement resembles that of a first occupation of a new region West. It abounds in mountains and valleys, forests of durable timber, clear streams of water (many of them mineral), heavy deposits of coal, iron ore, etc.—any elevation that may be desired from 700 to 3,000 feet. Quite an immigration is being attracted to this region from the North and East, for the reason that better opportunities are found in East Tennessee for investment than in the West—with a superior climate and better facilities. Of this, more in detail hereafter. OBSERVER.

## EDUCATIONAL.

The Representatives of the Southern States are now asking for \$15,000,000 a year, for the work of education.

THOMAS H. MCGRAW, of Poughkeepsie has made a pledge of \$50,000 for the permanent endowment of the President's chair at Amherst College.

THERE are 7,000 American students in Germany, and they spend, it is estimated, about \$4,500,000 annually. Liberal education seems to be a good thing for Germany.

HARVARD COLLEGE proper has been living beyond its income for four years, to the average amount of \$12,500 a year. The deficit for 1880-1, amounting to \$34,469.19, is the largest the college has ever incurred.

The Faculty of Harvard have decided that it is not desirable to have female students in medicine, and by their advice the Overseers have voted that in the opinion of this board it is not advisable for the university to give any assurance or hold out any encouragement that it will undertake the medical education of women in the Medical School of Harvard College.

It may surprise some persons to be told that the seat of learning in the United States having the largest income is the University of Michigan, which has \$300,000 a year at its disposal. Harvard comes next, while Yale and Columbia are close together. In property bequeathed by private individuals Harvard leads all the rest, of course, its entire endowment practically coming from that source.

## SPIRIT OF THE PRESS.

NINE-TENTHS of the bar-tenders in Cincinnati are in favor of closing saloons on Sunday. Only the proprietors, who make money by keeping open, oppose the law.—*Gazette.*

BUT do not give the baby a saint's name at the baptismal font, and then call it by some silly nickname all the rest of your life. Bestow on it a nice name and stick to it!—*Catholic Mirror.*

It is as obligatory on Christians to give for the support of the gospel as it is to pray and talk. Indeed we look with suspicion on those Christians who are loud-voiced in declaring their love for God and his cause, and then, when the contribution box is passed around, have nothing to give. If their love does not reach as far as their pocket-books, it is not worth talking about.—*Methodist Recorder.*

Do not pity yourself. Self-compassion is a morbid luxury, a caricature of self-respect. Do not nurse your grief and brood over it. Do not feed it with thought till it grows big. Forget yourself. Think of the world with its want and woe. Think of God and his help. Fling yourself, sorrow and all, upon the distress of man, and you shall find how God comforts those that mourn.—*Christian at Work.*

A YOUNG LADY is a sort of walking advertisement of her mother. Seeing the one, you can imagine very nearly what the other is—I mean in essentials. There will be little points of difference, a great contrast perhaps in temperament, but in the main a girl is what her mother makes her; and in the broad principles which underlie character, the one will be the other's counterpart. So remember, my dear young friend, when you go away from home, to school, to travel, or to visit, you carry about you your home atmosphere. If you are strong, generous, true, gentle, you are strong, generous, true, gentle, you are saying, in the best thing they ever tried, and we join them in so saying.

[Pittsburg Catholic.]  
Their Statements Indorsed.

A strong statement unqualifiedly indorsed must induce confidence. In this connection we note the following from Dr. Louis Book & Son, Sheboygan, Wis.: "We have been handling St. Jacob's Oil for some time with the large demand. Hardly a day goes by without hearing from some one or another of our patrons having used it with entire satisfaction, saying it is the best thing they ever tried, and we join them in so saying."







## Journal and Messenger.

W. W. LARKER, Editors.  
W. N. WYETH, General Representative.  
W. E. POWELL, Manager for West Virginia.

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WEST VIRGINIA OFFICE, Adams Rev. W. E. Powell, with Messrs. D. Johnson, Stephens & Co., 22 West Main Street, Parkersburg, W. Va.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 3, 1882

We give a large amount of space this week to the Anniversary of the Woman's Baptist Missionary Society of the West—one of the best, if not the very best, the Society has ever held. The attendance was large, the reports highly encouraging and inspiring, the addresses and papers all good, and the social cheer—the eye to eye and heart to heart acquaintanceship—delightful. The welcome of Cincinnati was all that it appeared to be, and the greatest regret is that so long a time must intervene before a return of such an occasion can be expected. The influence of the meeting can not fail to be far-reaching and blessed. We trust that none of our readers will fail to read the entire report.

The Board of the Ohio Baptist Convention held its third quarterly meeting for the year on the 18th ult., at the Ninth St. Baptist Church, Cincinnati. The meeting was well attended, and business of importance was transacted. We have been accustomed to receive reports of these meetings from the Secretary, who has all the data in his hands, and therefore, although present, did not undertake to prepare a report. We regret it inasmuch as the Secretary supposed that it would be done by the editor, and now we trust it will not be too late to publish one furnished by the Secretary in next week's paper.

It is announced, in a quiet way, that the Committee of Nine which was to be appointed by the Chairman of the Calvary Church Bible meeting, has been made to consist of Messrs. John H. Deane, John B. Trevor, John D. Rockefeller, George H. Andrews, Leonard W. Richardson, William Phelps, Charles Siedler, Samuel S. Constant and Samuel Colgate. This is, on the whole, a well-selected committee—on laymen, and each with a mind of his own. Each is, at present, in hearty sympathy with some one of the several plans which have been suggested. If these brethren can come to a thorough agreement there is hardly any reason why the denomination at large should not. But will they agree? We shall be anxious to learn the result of their deliberations. May they be guided by heavenly wisdom.

We learn from Dr. Morehouse, the Corresponding Secretary, that the financial year of the Home Mission Society closes with a balance of \$7,512.70 in the treasury. The total receipts for the year were \$359,556.38, divided among the three departments as follows: For general purposes, \$272,887.63; for the Church Edifice Benevolent Fund, \$38,121.90; for the Church Edifice Loan Fund, \$16,805.41. This is a far better result than we had been led to hope for. The total receipts ought to have been larger; the receipts in each department ought to have been larger; and yet we are gratified that they are as large as they are. We trust that the seven thousand in the treasury will not long remain there, but that it will soon be on its way to the fields where it is so greatly needed. We are not among those who rejoice to learn that there is money in the treasury of a Missionary Society. We do not give money to have it lie in the treasury, or in the safe of a bank, but that it may go at once on its way with the gospel message. There is no limit to the field. The amount of work done and the results secured are governed entirely by the financial ability of the societies.

The Watch-Tower thinks that if all the applause at the late Bible meeting was made by American and Foreign Bible Society men, then "a large majority of the large audience must have been of that order." A non sequitur.

Of course we do not know how much applause there was nor who made it, but if the A. & F. Bible Society men made as much noise as half a dozen of them did at Indianapolis last spring, the uninitiated may have thought them ten times as numerous as they were. We have a vivid remembrance of the touters at Indianapolis, and remember how they were scattered through the house, how they clapped their hands, how they waved the floor, etc., and how they stamped. Large applause is not indicative of large numbers. We learned that at Indianapolis.

The Board of Visitors of Andover Theological Seminary—Rev. Dr. Eustis, of Springfield, Mass., Hon. C. T. Russell, of Cambridge, and President Seelye, of Amherst College—has refused to confirm the election of Rev. Newman Smith, D.D., as Professor of Theology in that institution. It may be expected that now the discussion of the questions at issue between the two parties in the Congregational churches has only just commenced, and that the result will ultimately be important changes for better or worse in the Faculty of the Seminary. The warm advocacy of Dr. Smyth and the intemperate attempt at a defense of its action, is regarded as seriously compromising those connected with it.

The Catholic Telegraph reminds us of the late Hon. David Crockett—it keeps "gittin' madder and madder." It talks us something about "taking the consequences" of "gittin' the Society of Jesus." We

will attend to it as soon as we can find the space.

The Baptists of Manitoba have appealed to the A. B. J. M. Society to come to their aid. There seems to be no Society in Canada which, by its constitution, can enter that field, and the lack of means under our Home Mission Society from undertaking the work.

It is said to have come from "very high authority" that, as a result of his three or four months spent in a tour through the South in the interests of the A. & F. Bible Society, Rev. F. A. Douglass collected \$452.96, of which \$234.98 were consumed in expenses—not including his salary—and \$137.99 paid into the treasury of the Society. The brethren in the South seem to have waited until they should hear more definitely from their brethren in the North. Shrewd, they are.

The Boston newspapers have been canvassing the subject of church attendance, and one of them has taken occasion to procure a count of all the attendants at the Sabbath services, with the following result:

Baptist	15,775
Congregational	808
Congregational Unitarian	15,003
Episcopal	9,326
Methodist	12,040
Presbyterian	9,621
Roman Catholic	9,326
Swedenborgian	2,568
Union churches	3,180
Universalist	49,337
Non-Sectarian	689
Miscellaneous	775
Total	2,837

It is gratifying to find that, of the Protestant denominations, Baptists have not only the largest membership, but also the largest attendance. The Boston Advertiser, commenting on the figures given, says very properly:

To say that on a given Sunday only one-fourth of all the people of Boston attended church, seems at first sight to imply a large neglect of religious privileges. So no doubt it does; but the significance of the fact may very easily be exaggerated. Account must be taken of the tens of thousands of children who do not attend, except at Sunday-schools, which were not counted; and of the thousands of sick and infirm persons, and of those engaged in the care of them. Moreover, it may be fairly estimated that from one-fifth to one-fourth of habitual church-goers will not be present on a particular Sunday. When all these facts are considered, it will probably be concluded that much more than one-half of the population are either church-goers, when in health, or at least occasionally, or children of persons who do go to church.

The Toledo Morning Telegram tells of the sorrowful farewells to Dr. and Mrs. Morris by the members of the First Baptist Church. It is such an experience as that church has not passed through in a long time—never before, we think—to have a pastor leave for another field of labor. The record of the church in this regard is among the best with which we are acquainted. Valuable testimonials of esteem and tokens of remembrance have been presented to Dr. and Mrs. Morris, the latter of whom is no less highly esteemed than is her husband.

A CINCINNATI daily thus notices a recent event to which we respectfully call the attention of the Interior and our neighbor, the Western Christian Advocate:

Mrs. H. L. gave a handsome christening party on Monday evening, at which some fifty guests assisted. The baptism took place at St. John's, the child being named Florence Bradford, Rev. Mr. Jenkens officiating. The party then adjourned to Mr. L.'s handsome residence on Wesley Avenue, and a delightful evening was passed.

That word *christen* is very suggestive of Christianity. Of course the ceremony was religious, and was engaged in by Christian people. But we are a little curious to know whether the "delightful evening" was spent in religious exercises, for instance, prayer for the child now "dedicated" to God. How much is it to be supposed that dedication is worth? How did it compare with Hannah's dedication of Samuel? Will the Interior please tell us?

Very hard things are sometimes said about the disposition of ministers to sustain or shield the unworthy among them; and newspapers are sometimes censured for not giving the facts to the public and for thus failing to warn the churches against unworthy men. The letter following, which we publish verbatim, is a sample of the treatment meted out to those who try to help their brethren to do right. A few weeks ago we published a statement setting forth the opinions of individuals, and of a council of churches and of the Madisonville (O.) Church with regard to R. M. Thompson. This is in reference to that statement:

STONELICK, O., April 27, '82.  
G. W. Lark & Co.:  
The release given Rev. R. M. Thompson by your church causes great rejoicing among us all. The newspaper article, so full of malice, evidences much pain in your guilty consciences. Next to Charles J. Guiteau you are most hated in this region for your shameful and cowardly treatment of one who has committed the sin of being most useful and immensely popular. All you have done or may do only intensifies the respect for Rev. Alexander Blackburn, of Rochester, N. Y., to the A. B. Home Mission Society; is 67 by 49 feet on the ground; the main audience-room will seat 300, and the cost is \$3,797.70. The dedication services on the 16th ult. were full of interest, and were participated in by S. T. Hillman, of New York; Rev. A. L.

Farr, the pastor of the church, and others. Rev. J. M. Griffith, D. D., of Troy, N. Y., preaching the sermon. The sum of \$496.71, lost on the job by the contractor, was raised and secured to him by the congregation—a noble deed.

HAVING been made the medium through whom the press, etc., mentioned below were purchased, and having peculiar interest in the Selma school, it affords us pleasure to copy the following from the Baptist Pioneer:

This issue of the Pioneer is one of more than ordinary interest. It marks a step in the progress of the colored race. It is, as far as we know, the first paper that has ever been published in Alabama with type and on a press owned by colored men, and in a building and on land all owned by colored men, free from debt, except a small amount advanced on the press by a friend, which can be paid back in a month if all who owe the Pioneer will pay promptly and a few send us subscribers. Our press and outfit—all new and first-class—arrived on the 10th of last month, and one of the recitation rooms in the school building was occupied for a printing office until the new Pioneer building was ready.

The Pioneer publishes a likeness of Henry Highland Garnett, D.D., late minister to Liberia.

In view of the fact that we published all that the Christian at Work had to say on the private communion question, including its furious attack upon our interpretation of the Westminster Assembly's article, we think that the writer will be somewhat ashamed when he reads his discourteous paragraphs in last week's issue. If the editor of the C. at Work will refer again to our issue of March 15 and then to that of April 19, we think he will find that he has no occasion for the ungenerous remarks in several paragraphs in his last issue. That we published all of his article in defense of private communion should entitle us to better treatment than that meted out to us by the C. at W. If it shall do us the same courtesy or even give its readers a fair statement of our position, we shall have less cause of complaint. There is something in the style of the C. at W. that reminds us of the proverb of the "galled jade."

If we are to judge by the tone of our New York contemporaries there is but little probability of an agreement among them as to the best method to be pursued by Baptists in their Bible work. It is very doubtful whether any plan devised there will meet the hearty approval of the denomination at large. It will require a good many paid agents to go through the country and adroitly thrust it down the necks of the brethren of the churches.

It is probable that the most valid criticism upon our Theological Seminaries is that, while they train young men in Biblical Exegesis, in Ecclesiastical History, in Systematic Theology, they fail to teach the Bible; that is, they give the theory of religion, and make dogmatic and philosophical statements, but fail to teach the student to support his views by well-applied and properly-interpreted Scripture texts. The Presbytery of New Albany, Ind., has found this defect among the young men recently brought before it for ordination, and of its meeting, held a few days ago, it is said: "While the students proved themselves scholars otherwise, they were somewhat deficient in theology, and it was the sense of the Presbytery that more Bible should be taught in the theological seminaries." We have noticed occasionally the same deficiency—that while the young man could give a dogmatic statement of a doctrine or a correct answer to a question, yet he was unable to show how he derived it from the word of God, or by what passages of Scripture his views were sustained; and we are inclined to the opinion that we need more Bible and less dogmatism and less mere philosophy in our theological schools.

It is not uncommon to hear, or see in print, disparaging remarks with regard to the large "crop" of honorary degrees annually harvested by our ministry, and we confess that at times it has seemed that the untitled were the exception; but some one has been making an investigation, and finds that of the 19,514 Baptist ministers in the country, only about 400 have received the degree of Doctor of Divinity (D.D.), and that of the 786 ministers in the State of New York, only about 30 are doctors of divinity.

Since the printing of the first form of this paper we learn that the poem on the third page, entitled *Via Solitaria*, and ascribed to Longfellow, was not written by him but by O. M. Conover, of Madison, Wis., some twenty years ago. Of course, the authorship does not affect the intrinsic excellence of the poem, but the author ought to have full credit for his work.

Subscribers will please bear in mind that changes in dates on their labels can not always be made immediately. A certain amount of machinery always has to be put in motion in order to the printing and attaching of the label. Our friends need not be troubled unless more than two weeks elapse after the sending of their money before the change in the label appears.

A Strange Thing.  
The State Journal of Parkersburg, W. Va., gives this item of news in its last issue of April 27:

Rev. W. E. Powell was duly installed Sunday evening as pastor of the First Presbyterian Church. A large congregation was present.

Such a man as referred to by the State Journal lives in Parkersburg. He represents a Baptist paper in West Virginia and the American Baptist Home Mission Society, and at the time referred to he was at New Salem, seventy miles east of Parkersburg, organizing a Baptist church. That a council of Presbyterian ministers should install a Baptist minister as pastor of a Presbyterian church while the minis-

ter is from home, and without consulting him at all, and while he is in fullest sympathy with his own denomination, is surely a remarkable piece of news. It is possible that the State Journal has got some names and things mixed. We mean to take it all kindly.

The pastor of the Colebrook (O.) Baptist Church wishes to inform the vacant churches of Ohio that Rev. Eli Poole, a worthy and efficient minister from Canada, is now in the State, and would be glad to correspond with any rural church in need of a pastor. He may be addressed as follows: Rev. E. Poole, box 66, Colebrook, O. The Canadian Baptist says of him:

Rev. E. Poole, one of our esteemed and faithful ministers, has resigned the pastorate of the church in Sherbrooke, Ont., and proposes going to Ohio. We cordially commend him to the confidence and good offices of the brethren in that State.

In the recent meeting of the Woman's Baptist Missionary Society at Worcester, Mass., the returned missionary women "pleaded earnestly," it is said, "for more workers, especially men, among the Burmans." Out of the thirteen missionaries now engaged among the Burmans, only three are men.

REV. GEO. E. LEONARD, the Secretary, writes the good news that he "spent Sabbath, 23d ult., in Noble County, and there received from Bro. George Nichols, now 85 years of age, five hundred dollars for the Baptist Convention of the State of Ohio. Bro. Nichols had bequeathed this to our work, but having sold some land, and having the money in his possession, he decided to be the executor of his own will and pay it over to me." The wisdom of Bro. Nichols can not be too highly commended. He is his own executor, and so much is safe. Could he do nobler thing?

The saloon men in this city are evidently frightened. Their defiance of the law last Sabbath was less bold than a week before. The Highland House and Bellevue closed their bars, but opened other rooms in which pretzels were sold at six cents and beer furnished free. Fortunately, we have a law by which such evasions are held to be unlawful selling.

## FIFTH SUNDAY MEETINGS.

The Baptists of Indiana are, in our view, fortunate in sustaining a habit of holding district meetings once in three months. The custom is not universal, but somewhat general. As a large majority of pastors are employed for particular Sabbaths in each month, the fifth Sunday is open to both pastors and churches for such special arrangements as they may choose to make. In some sections there are associational gatherings for the promotion of Sunday-schools; in others, ministerial conferences. These are sometimes so profitable as to compensate for the want of regular services, which are generally to be preferred.

Such a meeting has just been held at Amo, Ind., commencing on Friday night, April 30, with a sermon by Rev. W. N. Wyeth, and continuing on Saturday and Sunday following with special exercises. The questions, "The influence of the Sunday-schools in forming Christian Character," "How to get all the churches enlisted in S. S. work," and "The relation of the S. S. to the prosperity of the Church," came before the meeting, and the addresses by Revs. I. W. Read, W. N. Wyeth, O. Bonney, R. N. Harvey, L. A. Cleveland, L. E. Duncan, and others, awakened considerable interest.

Dr. W. T. Stott addressed a large congregation on Saturday night, on Education, followed by short speeches by W. N. Wyeth, O. Bonney, and L. E. Duncan. And on Sunday morning, after devotional exercises, Rev. J. F. Crews gave a positive and clear address, insisting that the church, and the church only, should teach in the Sabbath-school, and that the whole counsel of God should be declared. Dr. Stott followed with a strong sermon on positivity of Christian character. The two exercises were in happy agreement and formed a service of marked power, in the presence of a crowded audience. A collection for ministerial students at Franklin was taken.

In the afternoon a Sunday-school conference was held, and at night Rev. L. E. Duncan preached, with his usual acceptance, to a full house. The entire series of meetings was considered by the Amo people as quite a treat, and certainly it was calculated to inspire the members with new zeal. Rev. L. E. Duncan was chairman, and John Jones, Secretary. The White Association needs more of such conventions; and others are provided for.

## ENDOWMENT MATTERS.

The writer of the following note spent some time at Judsonia as a visitor, and feels a very great interest in the success of the institution there. We have been spoken to by another, similarly qualified to speak, and feeling the same interest as Mrs. Potter:

Editor Journal and Messenger:  
In a communication entitled "Endowment Letter," Rev. Alexander Blackburn of Lafayette, Ind., says: "Now Morgan Park we know, and Franklin we know, but who is 'Judson'?" I wish to inform the Rev. Blackburn that "Judson" is one of our Lord's "little ones," and for his further consideration I refer him to Luke xvii. 2. He also says: "Neither were we consulted as to the coming of Dr. James and wife." What an oversight!

INDIANAPOLIS. Mrs. F. A. POTTER.  
Now that the raising of funds for the endowment of the Woman's Professorship in Franklin College is in progress, we will call attention to College Leaflet No. 1, which our readers will find bound with the minutes of their respective associations. It contains fifty facts, such facts as will prepare those who examine them to give a favorable answer to Mrs. Stuart and Miss Jordan, when called on by them for subscriptions.

## TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS

Is certainly not an unreasonable sum to expect of the Baptists of Ohio, for mission work in their own State for one year. Indeed, if that were all, it is shamefully small. But over and above all that is done in the large cities, and in some associations by local mission Boards, ten thousand dollars is not too much for the Board of the State Convention to expect for the mission work under their supervision.

And it is needed, every cent of it. Indeed, \$8,200 must be raised, or there will be a debt at the close of the current year. At the recent meeting in Cincinnati, the Board declined to make any further appointments, those already made requiring receipts nearly \$2,000 in excess of last year. The calls for help were numerous and urgent. Bradford, Covington, Spencerville, Coslton, Jackson, Conneaut, New Philadelphia, Alliance, Bucyrus, Third Church, Toledo, Milledgeville, Shawnee, Lancaster, Caldwell, Parisville, St. Mary's, Columbus Grove, Strait Creek Association, and several other places, are ready to pay each from one-half to three-fourths of the salary of a pastor provided the Convention can pay the balance. Had the money been in the treasury, or could the Board have had reason to expect it would be brought in, appointments could have been made which would have brought up our expenses to the rate of \$13,000 a year; all this to needy churches in hopeful fields. Nor is this all. In a dozen other large towns and cities the usual proportion of a missionary's salary could easily be made up, if the Board could promise the remainder.

It is encouraging to know that, while a new hand has been learning the way to the pockets of Ohio Baptists, the receipts have not fallen off. Indeed they have increased a little, but not in proportion to the increased rate of expenditure. Brethren and sisters, shall the \$10,000 be raised? What are you going to do about it? Sec'y.

## MILWAUKEE LETTER.

The Baptists of Milwaukee have been engaged for the year past in planting a new mission. It was hoped, one year ago, when Rev. W. J. Kermott was sent as missionary into the north part of the city, that vigorous work would, in time, see a house built and a church established. But no one ever dreamed that in just one year from the first service, held in a small room, a fine chapel of the most commodious architecture, and costing, with lot, some \$12,000, would be dedicated entirely free of debt. But such is the result. Through the liberality of Hon. Chas. L. Colby, of this city, who has given almost two-thirds of the entire cost, not even a collection was allowed on dedication day.

On Saturday, April 22, a council convened in the new chapel to recognize the new organization as the Milwaukee Baptist Church. The council organized by appointing Rev. A. F. Mason, pastor of the First Church, as Moderator, and T. W. Powell, pastor of the Grand Avenue Church, as Clerk. A carefully prepared paper, giving the complete history of the movement leading to the formation, and the present status of the church, was read by the pastor, Rev. W. J. Kermott. The council voted entire satisfaction, and arranged for recognition services on Sabbath, April 23.

On Sabbath afternoon a dedicatory prayer-meeting was held, led by Rev. R. E. Manning, pastor of the South Baptist Church. With the other Baptist churches of the city all uniting, and filling every part of the house, it seemed a most appropriate way to dedicate a church. "My house shall be called a house of prayer."

At conclusion of this service all were invited to remain to take "tea" in the parlors, and enjoy a religious sociable during interim.

At half-past seven every available space was crowded. Bro. Colby presided, and gave a most charming address. Rev. F. A. Marsh, of Beloit, conducted the opening services, and Rev. A. R. Medbury offered the prayer of recognition. The city pastors, Bros. Deitz, Manning, Powell and Mason, gave brief addresses; and a service of growing interest to the very close, concluded by the baptism of three candidates. Sixteen persons only entered into the organization as constituent members. Several others have sent for letters, and others still will soon be baptized. It is expected that a self-sustaining church will shortly be the result.

The other churches of the city were never so prosperous in many respects. Seven have recently been received by baptism at the Grand Avenue Church, and others express recent hope. The Sunday-school has doubled in its attendance in the past year and a half. The First Church, A. F. Mason, pastor, moves on in increased activity and benevolence. The South Church, R. E. Manning, pastor, is passing through a unifying and solidifying process, which promises much for the future. No better manner for such work can be found. The German Church has put on new strength and hope in settling H. L. Deitz as pastor. He has just welcomed forty-two new members, and congregations are overflowing their house.

## Other Churches.

At Janesville, Dr. M. G. Hodge is having great prosperity in a second pastorate with that church. A gracious revival has been enjoyed, and some twenty-five baptized. At Delavan, D. E. Haltema, pastor, the largest church in the State, moves grandly on. With a fine new church building, the pastor a tower of strength, now in his fourteenth year as pastor of this flock, Baptists are an honor and a praise in all that community. Kacine has just settled Rev. A. H. Putnam from New York. At Wauwatosa, five miles from Milwaukee, and a most beautiful suburb, is a strong Baptist Church. Here the

greatly beloved pastor, Rev. E. D. Underwood, has been settled for thirty-five years. Tell it in Gath! It is his only settlement, he having been baptized and ordained in that church. He is now spending a few weeks' vacation in Virginia, the home of his childhood. Rev. A. R. Medbury, General Missionary, resides in Wauwatosa, so far as a devoted, self-sacrificing and greatly useful missionary for all Wisconsin can be said to have any abiding place.

Mr. Editor, when the hot days of July strike Cincinnati, come up to Milwaukee and cool off. Our latch-string will be out. BADGER.

MILWAUKEE, April 25, 1882.

## INDIANA BAPTIST CONVENTION.

## BOARD MEETING.

The Executive Board held its quarterly session in Indianapolis, April 25. The change of the hour of meeting to 11 o'clock A. M. increased the unusual interest already existing, and a larger number were in attendance than at any previous session for the last ten years.

The reports of the missionaries presented ground of encouragement, as progress was made during the quarter in essential particulars. Seventy-three persons were added to the mission churches; the largest number to Greencastle, and the next largest to North Vernon Church. Improvements were made upon church property, and no losses of a material character reported. Sunday-schools prosperous. Number of appointed missionaries, fourteen; one of these failed to report and three had resigned.

In benevolence the mission churches were found to be fully equal to others. They report the following contributions for the quarter to the various causes: Foreign Missions, \$41.46; Home Missions, \$23.41; Rochester Mission, \$57.73; Publication Society, \$18; other objects, \$29.23. When to these amounts shall be added the aggregate for the other quarters of the Convention year, the showing will certainly be very creditable. And it will be borne in mind that Sunday-school and incidental expenses are as large in mission churches as in others of equal membership; in fact, in most instances larger, because improvements are constantly demanded in new interests and Sunday-schools must be especially enterprising.

Bloomfield has not been heard from since the appointment in November last. Crown Point is left destitute by the resignation of Bro. Brooks. Lawrenceburg has done wisely in promptly supplying the place vacated by the resignation of Bro. Swen; Rev. W. W. Tinker, being the successor, was granted an appropriation of \$200. Rochester has elected another pastor and does not ask for aid. Rockfort was dismissed; the Board believe the field to be one of importance, but the relation of the missionary to it was not satisfactory. Rev. N. B. Bairden was reappointed at Muncie with an appropriation of \$175; Rev. N. Carr at Kokomo, with \$200; Rev. Wm. DeBolt, Frankfort, \$300; and Rev. Allen Hill's appropriation as missionary at North Vernon was placed at the former figure, \$300. Brazil was presented to the consideration of the Board, and a committee appointed to report upon it.

Rev. A. J. Essex brought in a good report and money enough for the current expenses. The following is an outline of his work: Traveled 1,780 miles; visited 130 families and 56 public places. Eighty-one churches contributed. Total receipts \$191.88, an increase over those of corresponding quarters in other years. Necessary traveling expenses, \$39.68. Bro. Essex formerly resigned; yet, after a trip West, he may aid the Board during the summer in the raising of funds.

A committee to recommend a proper course in regard to agency work was appointed, and it brought in a report advising the acceptance of the resignation of Bro. Essex (felt by himself to be necessary), and the appointment of a committee to obtain temporary service and to recommend at the next meeting a suitable person for agent.

As some of the missionaries are not familiar with the methods of the Board, all of them are respectfully referred to the actings of the Convention, taken at the last anniversary, and found on the 18th and 19th pages of the Minutes for 1881. Experience teaches the importance of the recommendations therein contained.

## SEMI-CENTENNIAL.

The Committee of Arrangements for next anniversary and semi-Centennial of the Convention held a meeting in the evening at Frankfort. A general plan was formed, embracing eight divisions, viz.: State Convention, Home Mission Society, Publication Society, Education, The Colored Baptists, Sunday-schools, Foreign Missions, and Woman's Mission Work. The annual exercises and business will be conducted in connection with the historical services, under the respective headings given above. The order of the societies will be about the same as given. Persons living within the State and familiar with the departments of the work, respectively, will be asked to prepare and present historical statements, which will be followed by special and general addresses. For the latter service some will be invited from other States, with reference to their qualifications upon the various subjects.

As the occasion will be a memorable one, the Committee has begun its work early and will spare no pains to make it worthy of the denomination. And it will be highly gratifying to a great number to announce that Rev. Wm. M. Pratt, D. D., of Lexington, Ky., has accepted the invitation of the Committee to give a special address on the rise and progress of Home Missions in Indiana, particularly in the Wabash Valley, which he entered as a missionary of the Home Mission Society in 1838. He will revisit the places of his early labors.

## Church Organized.

New Salem is a growing town on the line of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, about 70 miles east of Parkersburg, W. Va. For many years a Seventh Day Baptist was the only church in this place. More recently an M. E. church was organized. Within the last two or three years a number of Baptist families have moved into this town and its immediate surroundings, and for some months the question of organizing a Baptist church has been freely discussed. Arrangements having been previously made, on Saturday, April 22, 1882, we met a good congregation in the Seventh Day Baptist Meeting-house, and after devotional exercises, a church was organized, with twenty members, each presenting letters from other Baptist churches. At the close of the evening service four were received for baptism. Others will be received for baptism and by letter soon, so the membership will be about thirty-five when fully organized. Recognition services will be held soon. The church has elected deacons, clerk and treasurer, and hope to secure the services of a pastor and build a house soon. A prayer-meeting and Sunday-school will also be maintained. P.

## W. B. M. SOCIETY OF THE WEST.

## Continued from First Page.

It was announced that the collection taken on the previous evening amounted to \$52, and Mrs. Dr. Duncan and Miss Kauschenbusch were made life members of the Society.

Mrs. Crouse, of Chicago, presented the report of the Committee on Resolutions, acknowledging with thankfulness the favor of Divine Providence in the success granted to the labors of the year; expressing hearty appreciation of the work done by the Board; expressing sympathy with the Society having its headquarters in Boston, in the bereavement sustained in the death of its beloved missionaries, Mrs. Partridge and Mrs. Nichols; extending sympathy to Mrs. Jewett, at Madras, in the loss of her daughter, Mrs. Nichols; assuring representatives in foreign lands of prayerful remembrance; expressing gratification at the presence of Mrs. Bainbridge, of Mrs. Clough and other returned missionaries, as also of Mrs. Harris, the former president of the Society.

"We shall remember the hospitality of Cincinnati homes, and the cordial manner in which the Congregational ladies have shared in entertaining our delegates, the arduous labors of the churches of Cincinnati and vicinity, the able musical services rendered by the choir, as well as the services of Prof. W. F. Sherwin, Mr. Thane Miller and Mr. W. H. Doane; also, the generous favors of the railroads and press."

The children's service was conducted by Mrs. Howe, the musical part of the programme being superintended by W. Howard Doane. "Aunt Lizzie," of Chicago, assisted in the service, being seated on the platform and offering prayer. She introduced Mrs. Bainbridge in a humorous vein. The latter gave a brief account of what she had seen in heathen lands. The Japanese had a god of toothache and a god of headache. They also enjoyed the possession of a temple of health. She exhibited some women's shoes from China, one of them being only two and a half inches. The Chinese also had their domestic gods—the god of the kitchen, the god of the yard, the god of the hall, and a numerous train of others. After the singing of "Nothing but the blood of Jesus," she gave some of her reminiscences of the Indian missions. The hymns for the service were especially prepared for the occasion by W. Howard Doane, Mus. Doc., of Mt. Auburn.

The election of officers for the ensuing year followed, viz.:

President—Mrs. A. J. Howe, University of Chicago.  
Vice-Presidents—Mrs. C. F. Tolman, 44 University Place, Chicago; Mrs. E. F. Bennett, Leadville, Col.; Mrs. W. W. Smith, Swan Lake, Dak.; Mrs. M. J. Cutler, Kanakake, Ill.; Mrs. S. F. Atkins, Indianapolis, Ind.; Mrs. J. Fulton, Cedar Rapids, Ia.; Mrs. A. S. Merrifield, Newton, Kan.; Mrs. C. Van Husen, Detroit, Mich.; Mrs. J. H. Randall, St. Paul, Minn.; Mrs. J. E. Roberts, Kansas City, Mo.; Mrs. C. H. Fox, Cincinnati, O.; Mrs. D. B. Parinton, Morgantown, W. Va.; Mrs. Smith, Milwaukee, Wis.; Nebraska and Wyoming to be filled by the Board.  
Recording Secretary—Mrs. J. O. Brayman, Chicago.  
Corresponding Secretary—Mrs. A. M. Bacon, Oak Park, Ill.  
Treasurer—Mrs. F. A. Smith, 71 Randolph Street, Chicago.  
Auditors—Rev. F. G. Thearle and C. H. Knights.  
Executive Board—Mrs. J. F. Gillette, Mrs. P. T. Baris, Mrs. L. S. Boomer, Mrs. A. Needham, Mrs. W. M. Hays, Mrs. C. G. Hammond, Mrs. F. O. Marsh, Mrs. E. Osgood, Mrs. W. W. Calkins, Mrs. B. Randall, Mrs. R. J. Randall, Mrs. J. A. Smith, Mrs. W. W. Wait.

The President made a few appropriate and earnest remarks; the benediction was pronounced by Rev. E. P. Roberts, of the Third Church, and the meetings closed. The next anniversary to be held in St. Louis, Mo.

In the evening a grand reception was given to the members of the Society and their friends by Mr. and Mrs. Thane Miller, at the Seminary grounds, Mt. Auburn. More than 500 guests were entertained in the spacious halls and corridors. It was a delightful reunion and promenade. Seidensicker's Orchestra discoursed a fine programme of music.

Refreshments were served, consisting of lemonade and a variety of cakes. The several features of the evening were thoroughly enjoyed.

## Christian Union of the West.

After a delightful interview with a number of distinguished ladies connected with the Foreign Missionary Society, who, during the anniversary, were entertained at the residence of Mr. W. H. Doane, on Mt. Auburn, Miss F



## ANNUAL REPORT OF OHIO.

MRS. N. C. BURTON, AKRON, STATE SECRETARY.

ASSOCIATIONS.	ASSOCIATIONAL SECRETARIES.	No. Churches.	No. Members.	No. Baptisms.	No. Deaths.	No. Reports.
Ashtabula	13 Mrs. J. P. Treat, Geneva	7	195	98	10	10
Auglaize	24 Miss Mary E. McKibbin, Lima	13	370	310	10	10
Cleveland	21 Mrs. A. H. Adams, Cleveland	18	370	310	10	10
Columbus	13 Mrs. D. Shepardson, Granville	8	213	175	10	10
Coshocton	20 Miss Alice C. Little, Dresden	16	260	304	10	10
Dayton	23 Mrs. E. F. Sample, Dayton	4	63	35	10	10
East Fork	11 Mrs. E. B. Clark, Belfast	9	161	107	10	10
Huron	15 Mrs. A. C. Cowin, Mrs. A. C. Little, Nor	6	1	31	10	10
Lorain	11 Mrs. Frank Adkins, Blyria	4	69	35	10	10
Mad River	32 Mrs. H. P. Clarke, King's Creek	4	100	28	10	10
Mansfield	13 Mrs. John Ball, Loudonville	15	307	375	10	10
Marion	31 Mrs. Geo. Irish, Marietta	4	70	45	10	10
Miami	22 Mrs. A. S. Hobart, Mount Auburn	1	38	12	10	10
Mount Vernon	20 Mrs. A. J. Wiant, Prospect	1	12	12	10	10
Portsmouth	11 Mrs. E. Patton, Pomeroy	1	12	12	10	10
Scioto	15 Mrs. B. Badell, Circleville	1	12	12	10	10
Strait Creek	13 Mrs. H. McNeil, Emerald	15	200	198	10	10
Toledo	8 Mrs. W. M. Atkinson, Toledo	6	0	8	10	10
Trumbull	8 Mrs. J. A. Snodgrass, Youngstown	3	0	50	46	10
Wesley	12 Miss Nannie Q. Larwill, Wooster	3	2	95	93	10
Wooster	15 Mrs. B. L. Neff, Duncan Falls	3	0	24	00	10
Zanesville	13 Mrs. Emma Ewers, Hunter	0	0	00	00	10
Zoar	20 Miss Alice Hawkins, Iron Furnace	153	31	2639	138	27
Central		349	15	4	1078	

Corresponding figures for 1881

In addition to the usual statistics we have but little to say. The annual meeting was held in Portsmouth in connection with the State Convention. The entire State was not fully represented as at some times, yet the meeting was full and interesting, stimulating in its influence and eminently practical. The Vice-President, Mrs. C. H. Fox, arranged the programme, and presided as usual. This is the only meeting at which either of the State officers have been present, excepting as Mrs. Fox assisted Miss Haswell for some days in the southwestern part of the State. Miss Haswell addressed full houses and interested many in her special field abroad as well as in all the Woman's Mission work. Collections taken at this time not only met all of her expenses, but put \$100 into the treasury in favor of Ohio. That the interest in this department of Christian work is increasing among the women of our churches is as certain as that seed sown and carefully nurtured will produce fruit. We are reaping the sowing of other years and other laborers. Our seed-sowing will also have its harvest and its reapers. We are depending mainly upon our associational secretaries to do this seed-sowing. Our special effort has been directed to educating the circles to assist the associational secretaries. We presented several important considerations in this regard in a circular addressed to the circles. Prominent among them was the suggestion that each circle contribute annually \$1 each toward the expenses of the Associational Secretary. We have not full reports as to the present results. We must give time for this seed to take root and spring up and bear fruit, and wait for the full harvest. We have appointed secretaries in two associations not heretofore represented, and have had to make changes in a few others. None of the associations are so thoroughly organized that the Secretary does not need to visit the churches, arrange for and conduct meetings, distribute literature, and write many letters of inquiry, suggestion and sympathy. All of this being entirely outside of ordinary church work, and only one of the many kinds of benevolent enterprises demanding time and energy, we are constantly surprised to see how much and how excellent work one earnest, devoted Christian woman can do, who is willing to give to it time, thought, labor and self-denial. A large majority of the circles need the assistance of the Associational Secretary, and she in turn can be very much helped and encouraged by the efficient aid of the State Secretary, though no doubt the main work of the State officers is to encourage the circles. The machinery is all in good order, the methods good, the whole work laid out by the Board admirable. But machinery will not run without power. Method must be adopted by living, active agents, plans carried out by enthusiastic souls, or they all are of no avail. This is Ohio's great need. Women called of God and joyfully consecrated to this woman's work for heaven women. We have spared no pains to scatter the Society publications in all directions, and we have been gratified to notice, as the reports come in, the connection between the contributions of the circles and the increase of interest, and the literature read, and the methods of conducting meetings. The *Helping Hand* is a very valuable educator. There is no need to encourage the willing worker. Our Secretaries are a band of noble, self-denying women. A large proportion of the circles are active and progressive. The women of our churches need only to have their duty plainly pointed out to them, to understand their obligations and their opportunities, to become acquainted with the work and success of our missionaries, and they will arise in their strength and honor God by their abundant giving and cheerful consecration to his service.

## INDIANA.

MISS E. CRAVEN, Greensburg, State Secretary.

ASSOCIATIONS.	ASSOCIATIONAL SECRETARIES.	No. Churches.	No. Members.	No. Baptisms.	No. Deaths.	No. Reports.
Bedford	17 Mrs. R. M. Parks, Bedford, Ind.	5	1	1	1	1
Bethel	10 Mrs. M. W. Gordon, (resigned)	5	0	0	0	0
Coffee Creek	10 Mrs. M. H. Hancock, (resigned)	2	0	0	0	0
Curry's Prairie	24 Mrs. M. G. Richardson, Terre Haute, Ind.	1	1	0	0	0
Evansville	20 Mrs. M. M. Stewart, Evansville, Ind.	5	2	1	0	0
Fort Wayne	19 Mrs. S. B. Clark, Warsaw	4	0	1	0	0
Flat Rock	19 Mrs. S. J. Potter, Greensburg	5	2	2	0	0
Freedom	19 Mrs. B. J. Galey, Brown's Valley	0	0	0	0	0
Friendship	28 Miss S. R. Coffey, Spencer	3	0	0	0	0
Indianapolis	18 Mrs. L. B. Hume, (resigned)	8	4	1	0	0
Judson	23 Mrs. G. H. Williams, Indianapolis	7	0	1	0	0
Laughery	14 Mrs. J. Downey, Aurora	7	0	1	4	0
Logansport	22 Mrs. G. E. Leonard, (resigned) no report	3	0	0	0	0
Long Run	16 Miss Weaver, (resigned)	4	2	4	0	0
Madison	Miss Drusie Henry, Pleasant, Ind.	4	0	0	0	0
Monticello	16 Miss Mary Craven, (resigned)	4	0	0	0	0
Monticello	11 Mrs. A. H. Hooley, (resigned) no report	5	0	0	0	0
N. E. Indiana	18 Mrs. C. H. Blanchard, Wolcottville, Ind.	1	1	1	0	0
N. Indiana	18 Mrs. G. Whipple, Valparaiso, Ind.	8	3	0	0	0
Orleans	11 Mrs. J. H. Davis, Orleans, Ind.	2	0	1	0	0
Salamonia River	17 Mrs. J. H. C. Smith, (resigned)	2	0	1	0	0
Sand Creek	20 Mrs. E. S. Brown, Horace, Ind.	5	2	0	0	0
Tipton	14 Mrs. Ray Steinspring, Lafayette, Ind.	4	1	1	0	0
Union	17 Mrs. W. Denny, Vincennes, Ind.	1	1	1	0	0
White Water Vly	8 Mrs. H. B. Rupe, Richmond, Ind.	2	0	1	0	0
		93	21	22		

Our work is becoming more systematized. Secretaries of auxiliaries better understand what is asked of them, and this year the blanks have been returned more promptly and properly filled. Some items are yet overlooked, which makes our general report incomplete, particularly the columns for "Life Membership" and "Copies of the *Helping Hand*" taken. Very few auxiliaries have failed to report, the failure usually occurring where there was no acting Associational Secretary, which probably accounts for the fact.

The reports nearly all speak of "increasing interest," and this is partly due to the widespread adoption of the monthly programme published in the *Helping Hand*, or similar ones prepared by the officers of circles. Missionary books are bought or sought and read eagerly. Miss Haswell's visits through our State in the beginning of the year also contributed to the increase of interest, not only in the work of our Society, but in other mission work; one band unconnected with us having agreed to contribute \$100 per year for three years to the support of a missionary for the Talamas.

How our progress is perceptible from the following:

1. Our contributions are yearly growing larger; we have approximated our desired \$1,500, not so much by giving more as by finding more givers; and this notwithstanding the late beginning of the year that we might close the previous one without a deficit. Quarterly collections have been more promptly sent, so that the monthly variations have been much less than heretofore.

2. Our helpers are more in number—Mrs. Davis and Mrs. Galey having consented to take positions in entirely new fields, but resignations and removals have increased the number. Five—Mrs. Leonard, Mrs. Gordon, Mrs. Craven, Mrs. Hancock—have homes in other States, and Mrs. Smith resigns on account of continued ill-health. Of all it may be truthfully said they have been abundant in labors. Each one might be mentioned with a special word of praise. Well may the Board feel its dependence upon these self-denying workers, for each has sacrificed ease, pleasure, time and means to advance the claims of the Society, feeling it was service to her Lord. Space forbids the mention of each one's work personally, but it is all written above. Some of the results to our eyes are the organization of twenty-two new circles and bands. These mean more contributions, more prayers and, let us hope, more souls gathered to the Marriage Supper of the Lamb from the midst of heathen darkness.

## WEST VIRGINIA.

MRS. J. W. CARTER, Parkersburg, State Secretary.

ASSOCIATIONS.	ASSOCIATIONAL SECRETARIES.	No. Churches.	No. Members.	No. Baptisms.	No. Deaths.	No. Reports.
Broad Run	41 Miss O. J. Summers, Holbrook, Ritchie Co.	0	0	0	0	0
Goshen	16 Mrs. J. C. Doney, Morgantown, Monongalia Co.	0	0	0	0	0
Greenbrier	30 Mrs. J. C. Woodson, Forest Hill, Summers Co.	0	0	0	0	0
Guayadotte	29 Mrs. J. N. Potts, Huntington	0	0	0	0	0
Harmony	30 Mrs. J. H. Riley, Jackson C. H., Jackson Co.	0	0	0	0	0
Howell	37	0	0	0	0	0
Judson	32 Mrs. J. F. Allen, Clarksburg, Harrison Co.	1	1	1	0	0
Kanawha Valley	43 Mrs. J. E. Middleton, Charleston, Kan'wa Co.	1	1	1	0	0
Mt. Pisgah	33 Mrs. L. Hall, Auburn, Ritchie Co.	0	0	0	0	0
Parkersburg	30 Miss Lucy Shaw, Parkersburg, Wood Co.	5	5	5	0	0
Raleigh	26 Miss Lucy Jones, River View, Fayette Co.	0	0	0	0	0
Tay's Valley	28	0	0	0	0	0
Union	25 Mrs. J. S. S. Herr, Grafton, Taylor Co.	8	8	8	0	0
		416				17

The number of blanks in the foregoing table will at once suggest that woman's mission work in West Virginia is yet in its infancy. Many of us have long mourned over the seeming indifference and inactivity in ourselves and our sisters; yet, until within a few years, all seemed to feel that popular sentiment and real indifference on the part of the great mass of our sisters formed an impenetrable barrier that could not, for the present, be removed.

True, a very few societies were organized; but some soon died, and others maintained but a feeble existence. While many were entirely indifferent, others were much interested in the progress of missions, but felt that if husband, father or brother gave to the cause, all individual responsibility was discharged. Less than three years ago, however, our State mission work received a fresh impetus, and our women began to identify themselves with the workers. Our State mission Board having tried the experiment of doing without a traveling secretary, felt that the cause was thereby suffering, and having found the right man for the position, elected him during the session of the State Association. The meeting was an enthusiastic one. The destination of many important towns and whole counties was earnestly portrayed, and urgent appeals were made to the Baptists of the State for help. Some of us thought, "Surely this is a work in which all our sisters can be interested, and one, at least, as security against inactivity in the future, pledged a certain amount from the women of her church. Shortly after this one of our associations passed a resolution requesting this sister, who was much interested in the work, to correspond with the sisters in the Association with a view to organizing a society in each church in the interest of State Missions. Soon after organizations were effected in two of those churches. At the close of the year appeals had been made and the co-operation of all the pastors had been solicited, but only two circles were reported. However, these two were active, and their interest was steadily on the increase. Thus a beginning was made, and during the next year circles were organized in different parts of the State; many also became members of the churches, and the work was steadily on the increase. In the early part of last autumn our present State Secretary accepted that position for the Society of the West. Being already engaged in associational work for State missions, and feeling that the Home Mission Society also had claims upon us, after due consultation we decided to prepare a constitution embracing State, Home and Foreign Missions, and bring it before the women of the State during the session of our General Association. This being done, it was recommended as a basis of organization for circles throughout the State, and your State Secretary was appointed State Secretary for the general work of woman's missions. Since that time associational secretaries have been secured for eleven of the thirteen associations, and we hope soon to secure the others two. The feeling of Christian obligation to enter upon this work, expressed in letters from these secretaries, is a source of encouragement. One writes: "After prayerful consideration, I have decided to accept the position of associational secretary. I will do my best, with God's help, and I will thank you for any suggestions you can give. I feel that we will have difficulties and difficulties to contend with, but if we work with prayerful hearts God will surely bless our labor."

Another writes: "Some of the pastors at least write encouragingly. Most of the churches in the association are country churches, and had roads and distances from the church prevents the sisters from making any active move now, but in the spring I am looking for good results."

Our secretaries seem to have a mind to work, but the progress of the work must necessarily be slow. Our churches are nearly all country or village churches, with a scattered membership, and roads that make the year are almost impassable. Yet we are glad to join hands with our sister States in this work for Jesus, and feel strong in his strength to press forward through difficulties and discouragements, and hope that not one of us will be willing to lay it down, until it can be said of her, "She hath done what she could." We are thankful to the Society's leaders and other publications. *Helping Hand* is taken in a number of circles, but in the absence of late reports I am unable to fill out my table of statistics. I have reported those circles only that I know to have been organized or re-organized, to include foreign missions. There are others that were organized for State missions, but whether they have been organized or not, I am not informed. Before the close of another year we hope to be able to report progress in report-making as well as in the extension of our work. Miss A. L. Stevens, of Illinois, has visited fourteen of our churches within the last three weeks, and has done a good work, organizing nine circles and securing the pledges of ninety-two members of the circles. In the other six churches found missionary organizations already, five of them auxiliaries to the Society of the West, the other a church-meeting society, meeting monthly and contributing directly to the Missionary Union. She writes: "I find the sisters of West Virginia ready to give their helping hand. In several places they were ready to organize circles, and in every church a few are almost ready to found to take up the work. I was very cordially received in every place visited. Everywhere was manifest more or less interest, and a desire to learn of the methods and plans of work of the Woman's Missionary Society of the West; and another year will I feel sure, bring a good record from West Virginia in woman's work for missions. We thank you for sending her out, and feel assured that her visit not only has done, but its influence will continue to do, us good. We thank you also for extending your borders and taking us into your sisterhood of earnest workers, and hope we may not prove unworthy of the high vocation to which we have been called."

ORDINATION. In response to a call issued by the Zion Baptist Church, Lebanon, O., a Council met with it April 23d, and examined Mr. J. H. Meader with reference to his fitness for ordination to the ministry of the gospel. Rev. G. W. Curry, of Athens, was chosen Moderator, and Revs. R. Meredith, of Xenia, and J. P. Brown, of Middletown, Secretaries. After a full and thorough examination, the Council declared itself satisfied with the candidate's fitness, and on Sunday, 23d inst., proceeded to his ordination with the following order of exercises: Sermon by Rev. R. Meredith; prayer of ordination by Rev. O. N. Sage, of Cincinnati; presentation of Bible by Rev. J. P. Brown; hand of fellowship, Rev. G. W. Curry.

RESOLVED—That we recommend that an earnest, united effort be made to raise for our convention work this year, the sum of ten thousand dollars. See minutes of the meeting of the Ohio Baptist Convention held in Portsmouth last October.

## The Churches.

## OHIO.

DAYTON.—It is expected that the new house, built for the Central Baptist Mission, Rev. H. H. Bawden, pastor, will be dedicated with very interesting services on Thursday evening, May 4, '82. Rev. G. O. King, of Cleveland, is to preach the sermon. The services will have the very pleasant feature of no money to be raised on the occasion, as every cent of the cost of building and furniture has been provided.

EDEN STATION.—Last Sabbath we were all taken by surprise to hear that Bro. Wenman was to preach his farewell sermon, to take charge of the Lima Baptist Church. We feel very bad about his leaving. When he came among us, we had neither a church organization nor a church building. Now we have a united church, in a prosperous condition, and a neat, substantial building. All this has been accomplished in eighteen months. Ever since Bro. Wenman has been with us our progress has been onward. Our congregation has been very large from the least. When he came among us, we would like to express through the JOURNAL and MESSENGER our high appreciation of Bro. Wenman's Christian character, his devotedness to the work of the Lord, his faithfulness in declaring the truth, his wisdom as a pastor, and his ability as a preacher of the word. The whole church is grieved to part with him, and the Lima Church has been fortunate in securing his services. We are now looking to our Lord to guide us in the selection of the right man.

DONE BY THE ACTION of the church. C. MAIN, Church Clerk.

## INDIANA.

GALVESTON.—One more added to the membership; seventeen in all, during the ten months of Bro. Baird's pastorate. Good work for a young man.

CHANNERY.—Rev. J. S. Read has entered upon the second year of his pastorate, with the church in good condition. Four baptized during the past winter.

BLOOMINGTON.—Dr. Moss continues to preach to the church occasionally. The Sunday-school and prayer-meetings are sustained.

FRANKFORT.—Rev. Wm. DeBolt, in a supplement to his report to the State Board, says: "In the matter of our house of worship we are making commendable progress. Our subscription has reached the sum of about \$1,350.00, and we have promises which we think will raise it over \$1,900. The contract for building was let a few days ago, at \$2,431. The whole will cost, probably, about \$2,600. We think we shall be able to complete without debt. Neighboring Baptist Churches are aiding us, generally, and we hope to secure half the amount unprovided in this town and vicinity. The house will be of brick, thirty-four by fifty-five, stone foundation, slate roof, baptistry, dressing rooms, etc. The foundation will be put in next (this) week."

SHILSVILLE.—The new house of worship is approaching completion, the means for the finishing being assured. Plastering, seating and furnishing remain to be done. The work thus far is first class and the house will stand, if no accident befalls it, for generations to come.

DR. T. T. Stott and W. N. Wyeth met with the church, in the M. B. house, on Sunday night last, and addressed a large congregation.

WASHINGTON.—Rev. C. N. Gartin, pastor, baptized several last Sabbath, ranging from nine to sixty-two years of age. Sixteen have received the ordinance. Some heads of families. More are expected. Our cause is more promising than for years.

GREENSBURG is moving steadily along. For a long time the sisters have had a Mission Circle, and have organized a Mission Band as auxiliary, composed of the young members of the church and Sabbath-school. They provided the funds for the pastor's wife to attend the anniversary of the Women's Missionary Society at Cincinnati.

ILLINOIS.

MENDOTA.—Rev. W. H. Steadman, so lately settled in the pastorate here, is already enjoying a great work of grace. Some twenty-six have been baptized within a short time.

CHICAGO AND URBANA have settled pastors simultaneously, and they commenced work this week; Rev. F. M. Williams, of Ashland, Neb., with the former church, and Rev. G. M. Shott, of Newport, Ky., with the latter. The towns and the churches are within sight of each other, with the Illinois Industrial University between. The Chicago church is an envying one and the churches opened in harmony.

Rev. I. N. Carman has been supplying Urbana, in his usual, able manner.

CINCINNATI AND VICINITY.

The annual meeting of the Cincinnati Woman's Baptist Home Mission Union will be held at the First Baptist Church, Thursday, May 4, at 2 o'clock. Reports will be made of the year's work, and election of officers for the ensuing year will occur.

WALNUT HILLS.—The Young People's meeting on Sunday evening was one of peculiar interest. The newly received members, with scarcely an exception, "witness for Jesus," and so "grow in grace and in the knowledge of the truth." At the close of the meeting five more rose for prayers, and the interest continued unabated. The older members have been greatly benefited by the sterling presentation of the truth in the last six months, and it would do Dr. Lasher good to hear his sermons quoted in prayer-meeting weeks, and even months, that they have been delivered. Mr. and Mrs. Hewitt, who have been trying to get some to accept a deed for a lot on Woodburn Avenue, on condition that a chapel should be put up, are getting tired of waiting, and are contemplating erecting a temporary chapel themselves in the near future. Where are the wise men among us? Here is a splendid field with no Protestant Church of any kind within a mile of it, in an already large and rapidly growing neighborhood accessible to all classes, forcing itself into notice by Baptists who are waiting to help on a Baptist mission; but where are our local Missionary Boards that they do not lay hold and secure this location for the denomination? Brethren of the Union, open your eyes!

INDIANAPOLIS.

Rev. D. D. Read, North Church, has become settled in Home Avenue, and is greeted with large congregations and a hopeful membership.

Rev. B. E. Patt has caused of depression in the continued depletion of the membership of his (Garden) church, by removals. Deacon W. W. Swing, one of the constituent members, has joined Bro. Knippenberg in Montana, and the church feels its loss. But Bro. Patt works on

with a courage much needed in the marginal or mission churches of our cities.

Rev. MOSES BROVLES is recovering from severe illness. His church, the Second, will have a "Spring Rally" on next Sunday afternoon, 7th inst., when it is hoped that the sum of \$500 will be raised to meet the interest on the church debt. He desires to have the presence of the pastors and members of the white churches of the city, and invites the pastors to make addresses on the occasion. This church has been passing through severe trials and deserves sympathy.

Rev. H. C. MARIE leaves his people this week for the East, and will sail on the 20th inst., with his family. Bro. Marie has labored beyond his endurance. He has taken all departments of church work and benevolence upon himself as successfully as any pastor do, while ably and cordially sustained and helped by the many devoted brethren and sisters of the First Church. His sermons are always thoroughly wrought, wisely adapted and delivered with an energy that would wear away the vitality of any one. We sympathize with the church in its temporary loss, though we learn that permanent supply has been secured from the East.

Rev. I. N. CLARK is working up a subscription for the erection of a new house of worship for the South St. Church, and is having success. This effort will be an unusually severe one if the work is accomplished, as we sincerely hope it will be.

## PASTORAL.

Rev. H. B. FOSKETT, Jr., recent graduate of Morgan Park Theological Seminary, has accepted the call of the Baptist Church at Red Oak, Iowa.

Rev. C. H. McDOWELL, of Fairland, Ind., has been unanimously called to the pastorate of the church at Huntington, Ind., and his acceptance of the call is confidentially expected.

Rev. C. M. RUPE has resigned the pastorate of the McConnellsville (O.) Baptist Church, to accept that of the church at LeRoy, N. Y., to enter upon his work there about July 1st. Bro. Rupe is highly esteemed by his brethren in Ohio, and a local paper speaks in warm praise of his labors in McConnellsville. We are sorry to part with him.

Rev. J. P. AGNEW, recently pastor at Richmond, Ind., has accepted the pastorate of the church at Mt. Washington, Hamilton Co., O., entering upon his labors April 1st.

## PERSONAL.

Rev. Wm. H. FULLER died in Oxford, Mich., April 17th, aged sixty-six years.

Rev. A. K. HERRINGTON died in Sherman, Mich., March 31st, aged forty-seven years.

H. T. MORTON, the man who was the occasion for all the talk and discussion with regard to reordination, was ordained at Tyler, Tex., on the 23d ult.

Rev. J. C. WIGHTMAN, of Taunton, Mass., has been engaged by the American and Foreign Bible Society to work on the revision of the Bible.

Rev. A. J. ESSEX has gone to Kansas in response to calls to visit churches with a view to settlement. He will stop and spend a Sabbath at Kansas City, Mo. He expects to be absent three or four weeks.

Rev. W. M. KINCAID, pastor of the First Baptist Church, San Francisco, Cal., was married in Santa Ana, Cal., March 20th, to Miss Mary Douglas, of Groton, Conn., who accompanied by her mother, went over the mountains to fulfill her engagement.

Rev. CAD. LEWIS, LL.D., a prominent Baptist minister of Kentucky, died suddenly of heart disease on Sunday morning, April 23d. On the table of his study was found a sermon on 1 Cor. xv. 28—"The last enemy that shall be destroyed is death"—which he had prepared to preach that morning.

EDWARD GOODMAN, Esq., of the Standard, Chicago, was present at the meetings of the Woman's Baptist Missionary Society of the West, and was our *vis-a-vis* at the reporters' table. He is ever the same gentle, genial, kindly brother, and it always affords us pleasure to meet him.

Mrs. LUCY SHAMAN BAINBRIDGE, whose address is the Women's Meeting in Cincinnati last week so highly delighted her audiences, is to speak under the auspices of the W. B. Missionary Society in the First Baptist Church, Cleveland, next Sabbath evening, 7th inst.

Rev. IRENEUS ATKINS died in Bristol, Conn., April 19th, in his ninetieth year. He was an uncle of E. C. Atkins, Esq., of Indianapolis, and of Geo. R. Atkins, of Vineyard, N. J. He was largely identified with the manufacture of clocks, in which he had made important improvements, but he continued to preach until age compelled his retirement.

DRAGON ISAAC LANKERSHIM, the builder and until recently the principal owner of the Metropolitan Tabernacle, San Francisco, whose sickness was made public recently, died in Los Angeles, April 10th, at the age of sixty-three years. He was one of the noblest and best men, as well as one of the wealthiest men, of California, and was identified with all the Baptist interests on the Pacific Coast.

Rev. Dr. SCOTT, editor of the *Methodist Recorder*, Pittsburgh, has been laid aside with typhoid fever since the last of January, but we are glad to learn from his paper has been restored to health, and is able to again take his place in the editorial chair. We extend our sympathies and our greeting, uniting with him in thanks to the Author of health, whose mercies are ever fresh and full.

Rev. CHARLES STOVOL, of London, now in his eighty-third year, recently celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his settlement over the Baptist Church, White Chapel. Mr. Stovel is a man of strong character, and has exerted a great influence upon the thought and action of his age. He was among the leaders in the anti-slavery movement, and wrote many articles which exerted a wide influence. He was an intimate associate of William Knibb. He also wrote many books and pamphlets on denominational questions.

Rev. WILLIAM HAYNE LEAVELL, pastor of the First Baptist Church, Manchester, N. H., closed his pastorate last Sabbath morning, severing his connection with the Baptist denomination because it does not, he claims, allow sufficient liberty of thought. "I leave," he says, "both the Baptist ministry and the Church, but do not leave the Church of Jesus Christ." Few of those who have seen certain recent articles of Mr. Leavell's will be surprised at this action. He came from the South, and that at Manchester is his only pastorate in the North.



## Home Circle.

Conducted by L. E. L.

### CHRIST'S WAY OF BLESSING.

Oh! not in strange portentous way  
Christ's miracles were wrought of old  
The common thing, the common clay,  
He touched and blessed, and straightway  
It grew to glory manifold.

The barley leaves were daily bread  
Kneaded and mixed with usual skill;  
No care was given, no spell was said,  
But when the Lord had blessed, they fed  
The multitude upon the hill.

The hemp was sown 'neath common sun,  
Watered by common dews and rain,  
Of which the fisher's nets were spun;  
Nothing was prophesied or done  
To mark it from the other grain.

Coarse, brawny hands let down the net  
When the Lord spoke and ordered so;  
They hauled the meshes, heavy-wet,  
Just as in the other days, and set  
Their backs to labor, bending low;

But quivering, leaping from the lake  
The marvelous, shining burdens rise,  
Until the laden meshes break,  
And all amazed, no man spoke,  
But gazed with wonder at his eyes.

So still, dear Lord, in every place  
Thou standest by the toiling folk  
With love and pity in thy face,  
And givest of thy help and grace  
To those who meekly bear the yoke.

Not by strange sudden change and spell,  
Baffling and darkening nature's face;  
Thou takest the things we know so well,  
And build'st on them thy miracle—  
The heavenly on the common place.

The lives which seem so poor, so low,  
The hearts which seem so cramped and dull,  
The baffled hopes, the impulse slow,  
Thou takest, touchest, and art true,  
Thy blossom to the beautiful.

We need not wait for thunder peal  
Resounding from a mount of fire,  
While round our daily paths we feel  
Thy sweet love and thy power to heal  
Working in us thy full desire.

—The Christian Union.

### THE BABY'S AUTOGRAPH.

They gave it to me at Christmas—  
The pretty new autograph album—and  
I was proud of it; the binding was so  
gay, and the white gilt-edge sheets so  
spiculously pure. I could hardly make  
up my mind who should have the honor  
of dedicating that album, or what verse  
was grand enough to be inscribed on  
its pages, and before I had quite decided  
baby found it! She had toddled into  
the parlor and taken it down from the  
table before we missed her, and was  
sitting cross-legged, like a Turk, with  
the precious book in her lap. That  
would not have been worth recording,  
and I should not value my album be-  
yond price now if it were all. But she had  
a pencil—she had learned to scribble  
on bits of paper—and she had made her  
mark on the front leaf (the title page)  
of my beautiful book. She had made a  
dozen marks, criss-cross and zigzag,  
and there she sat, her bright hair tossed  
over her face, her little demure mouth  
pursed up, her blue eyes full of mis-  
chief, half shy, half defiant, and we  
three women looking at her.

"Oh, baby!" I cried.  
"Bless her dear little heart," said my  
mother; "Doesn't she make a picture?"  
"Whip her," said Aunt Harriet in a  
vindictive tone. She has no chil-  
dren of her own and knows just how to  
to bring up other people's.

I was angry enough to do so, and had  
made one step forward intending to  
wrest the book out of the clasping baby  
hands, and then—what! beat my own  
child? I was saved that degradation  
by my own good mother, who shook her  
head at me over Aunt Harriet's shoulder  
and said:

"Oh, baby!" I cried.  
"Bless her dear little heart," said my  
mother; "Doesn't she make a picture?"  
"Whip her," said Aunt Harriet in a  
vindictive tone. She has no chil-  
dren of her own and knows just how to  
to bring up other people's.

How long is it since Christmas?  
Counting by heart-throbs I should say  
years! It is only a couple of  
months, and to-day I would give—oh!  
what would I not give to have those  
little hands doing their sweet mischief?  
Peace, foolish heart! "He giveth his  
beloved rest." The baby is gone. But  
when I look at the little, short lines  
that dedicated my album—the sweet-  
est, saddest lines to me that were ever  
written—soon ended, like her little life  
—I am glad that I took her in my arms,  
kissed the rosy lips, and put the  
book away without one reproving word  
—glad that I caused no angry feelings  
in the baby heart, or left memories  
for myself that would now have power  
to wound!

That is why all the leaves of my new  
album are blank—pure, spotless, just  
as the fair page of her little life was;  
but you who think these characters on  
the dedicating page unmeaning, have  
never had the key to them. Mothers  
can tell what they are. Angels will  
be glad over this record without blot  
or stain. There is no handwriting so  
fine that I would exchange it for the  
baby's autograph.

As for us—  
Our lives are albums written through  
With good or ill, with false or true,  
And as the blessed angels turn  
The pages of our years,  
God grant they read the good with smiles  
And blot the bad with tears.

—Detroit Free Press.

### A FAITHFUL ELEPHANT.

There is a beautiful story of an old  
elephant engaged in battle on the plains  
of India. He was a standard-bearer  
and carried on his huge back the royal  
ensign, the rallying point of the Poona  
host. At the beginning of the fight  
he lost his master. The mahout, or  
driver, had just given him the word to  
halt when he received a fatal wound  
and fell to the ground, where he lay  
under a heap of slain. The obedient  
elephant stood still while the battle  
closed around him and the standard he  
carried. He never stirred a foot, refus-  
ing either to advance or retire as the  
conflict became hotter and fiercer, un-  
til the Maharrats, seeing the standard  
still flying steadily in its place, refused  
to believe that they were being beaten  
and rallied again and again round the  
colors. And all this while, the old  
elephant, the patient animal stood,  
straining its ears to catch the sound of  
that voice it would never hear again.

At length the tide of conquest left  
the field deserted. The Maharrats  
slept on in pursuit of the flying foe,  
but the elephant like a rock stood there,  
with the dead and dying around, and  
the ensign waving in its place.

For three days and nights it remain-

ed where its master had given him com-  
mand to halt. No bribe nor threat  
could move it. They then sent to  
a village one hundred miles away  
and brought the mahout's little son.  
The noble hero seemed then to re-  
member how his driver had sometimes  
given him authority to the little child,  
and immediately, with all the shattered  
trappings clanging as he went, paced  
quietly and slowly away. What a les-  
son of fidelity is taught us by the faith-  
fulness of this dumb creature to his  
master! "One is your master, even  
Christ." Do you stay where he puts  
you till his voice calls you away?

### EVERYBODY SURPRISED BUT ADDIE.

One first of April the girls and boys  
in Miss Teachem's primary school had  
been having a merry time.  
Freddie Boyce had pinned a long  
curled bow to Tommy Brown's new  
jacket and Tommy had walked proud-  
ly about the play-ground a good while  
before he found it out; Mary Lee had  
sent Carrie Lee to the front gate to see  
"somebody very particular," and "some-  
body very particular" had proved to be  
Bounce, the big dog that lived next  
door. Kitty Clover had told Sarah  
Reft "to open her eyes and shut her  
mouth for something good," and then ran  
slightly away, leaving Sarah standing  
under the grape-arbor looking silly  
enough. It was just then that Addie  
Winwill said:

"O girls, I'm going to play a trick  
on Margery Hall. You know her folks  
are so poor she never brings anything  
for lunch but a slice of bread and butter  
in a strawberry basket. She won't be  
out for ten minutes, 'cause she's kept  
in for not knowing her jography. And  
I'm going to take her bread and give  
it to Bounce, and we'll see how funny  
she'll look when she can't find it."

"Oh, don't, Addie!" said some of the  
girls and boys. "She'll be so hungry,  
poor little thing!"

"Do, Addie," said the others; "it'll  
be such fun!"  
And away went Addie to the closet  
where the strawberry-basket hung, un-  
der Margery's hat and shawl, and in a  
moment or two she came back with the  
bread and threw it over the fence to  
Bounce, who swallowed it in a moment.

"Shame!" cried those who had said  
"Don't!"  
But those who had said "Do!" began  
to laugh, and they laughed loudly when  
they saw Margery coming out with her  
basket. And as she lifted the napkin  
they shouted, "April fool!" But much  
to their surprise, the brightest of smiles  
shone on the child's pale face. And no  
wonder. The slice of bread was gone,  
to be sure; but in its place was a nice  
biscuit sandwich, a thick piece of raisin  
cake, a large orange, and a paper of  
chocolate caramels.

Then came the turn of the "Don't"  
girls and boys, as she took these things  
out, one after the another, to laugh and  
shout "April fool!" while the "Do"  
party said never a word, but looked at  
Addie Winwill as though they'd all like  
to slap her.

Slap her, indeed! Hers was the only  
really pleasant first-of-April joke I  
ever heard of.—Wide Awake.

### OUR DARLING.

Bounding like a foot-ball,  
Kicking at the door,  
Falling from the table top,  
Spraying on the floor,  
Smashing cups and saucers,  
Spitting dolly's head,  
Putting little pussy cat  
Two baby's bed.

Building shops and houses,  
Spilling father's hat;  
Hiding mother's precious keys  
Underneath the mat,  
Jumping on the fender,  
Tearing at the fire,  
Dancing on those little legs—  
Legs that never tire,  
Making mother's heart leap  
Fifty times a day;  
Spraying everything we do,  
Everything we say.

Shouting, laughing, tumbling,  
Roaring with a will;  
Anywhere and everywhere,  
Never, never still.  
Present—kissing and sunshining;  
Absent—leaving night;  
That's our precious darling,  
That's our heart's delight.

### POWER OF PRAYER.

A notable instance of praying to  
God, and resolving to take no denial,  
was that of the pious wife of a hard-drin-  
king, Yorkshire, England, who prayed  
twenty-one years for his reformation  
and conversion.

When that long time had passed, and  
no answer had come to her prayers, she  
went one night, at midnight, to the  
"public" where her husband spent  
much of his time, and found him sit-  
ting in the bar-room with several other  
men and the landlady.

"You go home," said Martin, rough-  
ly, when he saw his wife enter.  
"Wait a little and your husband will  
go with you," said the landlady.

"Mrs. Tolman," replied the poor  
wife, advancing to the table where they  
were sitting, "I have waited twenty-one  
years for my husband to 'go with me'  
—and all that time I have prayed for  
him."

She steadied her voice, and added;  
"I am certain, too, that God will an-  
swer my prayers. As sure as he is sit-  
ting in your bar, I shall live to see him  
pass your house and have no inclination  
to go in."

She turned to go out, and Martin rose  
and followed her saying not a word.  
That night was the turning point in  
his life. The long felt promise, to the  
heart of the pious wife that her husband  
should "go with her" began to fulfill  
to her patient waiting.

He went to meeting with her, and was  
melted by a sermon on the words,  
"Where thou goest, I will go, . . . thy  
people shall be my people, and thy  
God my God"; he went with her to  
the family altar; he went with her on  
the road to life, and helped her to lead  
their children in the narrow way.

### HOW JOHNNY RAN AWAY TO SEA.

BY HELEN D. BROWN.

"Johnny! Johnny-y!" called Aunt  
Lavinia, in a shrill voice. "I wish  
you'd run over in town and mail this  
letter for me."

"Johnny! Johnny! Johnny!" shout-  
ed his mother. "There's very little  
kindling split, not enough to boil the  
kettle. Do you hear? It's good busi-  
ness for a rainy day."

"Bob, keep still. Let 'em holler,"  
said naughty Johnny, hidden away in  
the loft over the work-shed. "I guess  
he old letter 'll keep, and I'd like ter  
know if I didn't split kindlings all last  
Saturday morning."

"I have to lug water, and go after  
the milk, and shovel paths, and—and—  
forty million things—and go to school  
too. That's the worst of the whole lot.  
You don't have to lug water."

"No, but they're always at a feller.  
They say I track in dirt, when I don't.  
And I never can eat to suit 'em."

"I'd like to eat. Wouldn't you?"  
"Yes, I tell you what, come on.  
We've got money enough to take us to  
Barnmouth, and then we'll go to sea.  
What do you say?"

"We can take along things to eat."  
"Yes, in a big valise," interrupted Bob.  
"Some mince-pies and lots o' stuff."

"How will you get 'em, though?"  
"Hook 'em," said Johnny, boldly.  
"My mother keeps 'em in the back  
chamber. When'll we go?"

"There's no use waiting. Let's go  
to-morrow morning. Get up awful early,  
and walk over to Bang's Crossing to  
take the cars, so they won't track us.  
They ain't likely to have a whole wood-  
lot o' kindling to split, on board ship."

While these plans were maturing,  
Miss Lavinia splashed over to the post-  
office in the wind and rain, and Mrs.  
Bailey kindled her fire with the *Chris-  
tian Ladder*.

Promptly at supper-time, Johnny  
appeared. His mother was full of ten-  
der anxiety lest his feet might be damp,  
though Aunt Lavinia pronounced his  
jacket quite dry. In consideration of  
what he was supposed to have suffered  
from the storm, Johnny's piece of pie  
had an extra breadcrumb, and Mrs. Bailey's  
voice had an extra shade of affection  
as she told him to hold out his plate.

Johnny did not say much, but tried  
to keep his mind on his wrongs. Some-  
how, it was less easy than it had been  
in the afternoon. Before the cozy room,  
with its bright fire, and tempting tea-  
table, the wood-pile seemed every  
moment to grow more dim and vague.  
That extra piece of pie made Johnny  
falter. He held on to his resolution,  
however, and at half-past seven said he  
guessed he'd go to bed.

"Good boy!" said Aunt Lavinia.  
"Early to bed and early to rise, you  
know."

Johnny went up to his room, and shut  
the door with a bang. He stood still  
for a minute or two, then stole out in  
his stocking-feet, groped his way to the  
back chamber door, and lifted the  
latch. The unmistakable fragrance  
of his mother's mince-meat guided  
him to the corner of the great room.  
By daylight it had seemed an easy and  
not a very wicked thing to do; but in  
the quiet and darkness of the night,  
Johnny felt a cold sense of guilt creep  
over him. How the floor creaked!

And, oh, dear! What was that noise?  
Was it the door? Or perhaps it wasn't.  
Perhaps it was; but pooh! he guessed  
he wasn't afraid of ghosts—and seizing  
two large pies, he fumbled his way  
back to the door. His boldness had  
nearly oaked away, when he reached  
his own little bedroom. His face was  
very thoughtful as he packed his pies.  
After all, his mother was pretty good to  
him, better than most boys' mothers.  
And then he wondered if many women  
used as much kindness as she did. He  
wondered, too, how she would feel when  
she found him gone. He must awake  
before light, and steal out before even  
Bridget was up. He thought it pos-  
sible they might have to get up early  
on board ship, but he determined not  
to think of that. By this time, he was  
undressed and ready to say his prayers.

He hurried through "Our Father," and  
then came to the little prayer he said  
every night, asking God to bless his  
dear mother and to make him a good  
boy. Johnny stopped and felt very  
uncomfortable. He saw that there was  
no use in asking to be made a good boy,  
if he wasn't willing to help a little  
himself. He tried hard to think of  
something else, till at last he fell into a  
restless sleep.

When Johnny awoke, a faint light  
began to give form to the objects in his  
room. He jumped out of bed with a  
heroism worthy of a better cause, dress-  
ed quickly, and taking his shoes in one  
hand and the valise in the other, softly  
opened the door into the hall. All was  
dark and still. There was his mother's  
door. Not a word of good-by was he  
saying to her. He wondered if she  
would cry, and he felt a good deal like  
it himself. Down the stairs, step by  
step, slowly and stealthily he crept.  
There was no use in thinking about his  
mother. He had made up his mind to  
go, and he guessed he wasn't going to  
back out. Across the creaking entry  
floor he tiptoed, and groped for the knob  
of the sitting-room door. His hand  
was upon it. He hesitated, wished he  
hadn't promised Bob he'd go, and then  
boldly opened the door, upon Deacon  
Giles and his wife, who had come to  
spend the evening with Mrs. Bailey and  
Aunt Lavinia. Just then the town  
clock struck ten. The wind had gone  
down, and the moon was shining more  
and more brightly into Johnny's room.

And this was as far as Johnny ever  
ran to sea.—Exchange.

"ALL GONE!"  
"I can not understand," said a little  
boy, "what becomes of our sins when  
God takes them away."

"Do you ever do a sum, Willie, and  
when you take the sponge, and wipe  
your slate, what becomes of the fig-  
ures?"

"Oh, I see now," he said, "they are  
all gone."  
"And so God says he will blot out  
our transgressions, and will not remem-  
ber our sins.—Isa. xliii. 25."

### GIVE A KIND WORD.

A friend of the Lord Jesus one day  
met a lame man. When he saw the  
poor man stretching out his hand to  
him, he stopped and said, "I have  
neither gold nor silver; but what I  
have I give unto thee."

"What did he give him?"  
He healed him. No one can now  
give such good help to a poor person;  
but there is something which every  
one can give.

"What is it?"  
A kind word. Even little children  
can give that. The poor and unhappy  
are pleased when any one speaks kin-  
dly to them.—Exchange.

### APRIL.

Frost in the meadow, fog on the hill;  
Bluebird and robin sing with a will.  
Up through the brown earth, spite of the  
cold,  
Comes Lady Crocus in purple and gold.

Shy little snowdrop, dressed like a bride,  
Nodding and trembling stands by her side.  
Daffodowpilly slips out of bed,  
With a buff turban crowning her head.

Slim Mr. Jonquil comes on the run;  
"Pray, am I up in tune for the fun?"  
—Harper's Young People.

When we look at the photograph of  
a friend we take it to the window and  
try to see it to the best advantage;  
but when we look at his character we  
cast a shadow over it, and then talk of  
its defects. It is easier to be an art  
critic than a fraternal Christian.

### Catch-Up.

The Czar likes to go to church, and  
is particularly fond of all the chants  
but one, which is the chants of being  
suddenly blown up with dynamite con-  
cealed in his hymn-book.—New York  
Graphic.

Scene—Bridal reception. Several  
of the guests, after shaking hands with  
the bride, and all speaking at once:  
"Where is the bridegroom?" Bride,  
naively: "Oh, he's upstairs watching  
the wedding presents."

At a town meeting a large taxpayer  
rose up to protest against building a  
new school-house in a certain part of  
the town. "What's the good of it?"  
asked he. "They are an ignorant set  
down there, anyway."

Dr. Chapin once asked his daugh-  
ter, who was also a pronounced brun-  
ette and very small, "Marion, why are  
you like a certain Boston book-publish-  
ing house?" "I give it up, father," said  
she. "Because you are little and  
brown," was the answer.

A correspondent of the Philadelphia  
Ledger says that "Llanfairpwllgwyng-  
gorgobuochllanhlidysiliogogoo," the name  
of a Welsh parish, is pronounced as if  
written thus: "Thlanvirepooelchwin-  
gorgobuochllanhlidysiliogogoo." This is  
important if true. We are almost  
ashamed to confess that we never pro-  
nounced it that way.

Punch gives a list of seven fools: 1.  
The envious man—the man who sends  
away his mutton because the man next  
him is eating venison. 2. The jealous  
man—who spreads his bed with sting-  
ing nettles, and then sleeps on it. 3. The  
proud man who gets wet through  
sooner than ride in the carriage of an  
inferior. 4. The litigious man—who  
goes to law in hopes of ruining his op-  
ponent, and gets ruined himself. 5.  
The extravagant man—who buys a her-  
ring and takes a cab to carry it home. 6.  
The angry man—who learns the  
ophicleide because he is annoyed by the  
playing of his neighbor's piano. 7.  
The ostentatious man—who illuminates  
the outside of his house most  
brilliantly, and sits inside in the dark.

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the *American Christian Re-  
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Cin., O., Nov. 16, 1887.  
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## THE LESSON OF THE LOAVES.

BLACKBOARD OUTLINE ON MARK VIII. 1-10. BY REV. W. M. BLACKBURN, D. D.

- THE PEOPLE..... Three days with Jesus.—V. 1, 2.  
Treated with compassion.—V. 3.  
Numbered 4,000.—Matt. xv. 38.  
Fed food in the desert.—V. 4.
- THE TWELVE find a Large demand.—V. 5.  
Limited supply.—V. 5.
- JESUS..... Orders the crowd to be seated.—V. 6.  
Hearts thanks.—Matt. xv. 36.
- THE..... Feeding of the people.—V. 6-8.  
Remnants not wasted.—Matt. xv. 37-38.
- PHARISES..... Demand a sign from heaven.—Vs. 10, 11.  
Unbelief signs.—12. Matt. xvi. 1-4.
- THE..... Loaf of Twelve.—Vs. 13, 14.  
Leaven of Jewish teachers.—V. 15.  
Wrong interpretation.—Vs. 16-21.  
Warning renewed.—Matt. xvi. 11, 12.  
Earning meat doctrine.  
Lesson to us.—Luke xii. 1, 2.

Studies in the Gospel According to Mark.

## SECOND QUARTER.

May 7. "Sufferers Brought to Christ." Mark vii. 24-27. Golden Text: Ps. cxi. 9.  
May 14. "The Leaven of the Pharisees." Mark viii. 1-21. Golden Text: Luke xii. 1.  
May 21. "Feeding and Confessing the Christ." Mark viii. 22-33. Golden Text: Matt. xvi. 16.  
May 28. "Following Christ." Mark xii. 34-38; ix. 1. Golden Text: v. 34.

## LESSON VII.—THE LEAVEN OF THE PHARISES.

MARK VIII. 1-21. COMMIT TO MEMORY VS. 14-17.

1. In those days the multitude being very great, and having nothing to eat, Jesus called his disciples unto him, and said unto them,  
2. I have compassion on the multitude, because they have now been with me three days, and have nothing to eat.  
3. And if I send them away fasting to their own houses, they will faint by the way; for divers of them came from far.  
4. And his disciples answered him, From whence can a man satisfy these men with bread here in the wilderness?  
5. And he asked them, How many loaves have ye? And they said, Seven.  
6. And he commanded the people to sit down on the ground: and he took the seven loaves, and gave thanks, and brake, and gave to his disciples to set before them; and they did set them before the people.  
7. And they had a few small fishes: and he blessed, and commanded to set them also before them.  
8. So they did eat, and were filled: and they took up of the broken meat that was left seven baskets.  
9. And when the Pharisees and of the Sadducees came, they desired him to shew them a sign.  
10. And he answered and said unto them, I will shew you a sign from heaven.  
11. And he said unto them, I will shew you a sign from heaven.  
12. And he said unto them, I will shew you a sign from heaven.  
13. And he said unto them, I will shew you a sign from heaven.  
14. And he said unto them, I will shew you a sign from heaven.  
15. And he said unto them, I will shew you a sign from heaven.  
16. And he said unto them, I will shew you a sign from heaven.  
17. And he said unto them, I will shew you a sign from heaven.

GOLDEN TEXT.—"Beware ye of the leaven of the Pharisees, which is hypocrisy." Luke xii. 1.

DAILY READINGS.—(M.) Mark viii. 1-21. (T.) Luke xii. 1-8. (W.) Ps. cvii. 1-9. (Th.) 2 Kings iv. 38-44. (F.) Ex. xvi. 4-18. (S.) Matt. xxiii. 23-33. (S.) Matt. xvi. 1-12.

## INTRODUCTORY.

Jesus has now passed through the upper country and "turning down the valley of the upper Jordan under the shadow of the Hermon range, rising 9,500 feet high in their highest peak, he ere long at Caesarea Philippi reached the open country, with a wide view of the broad reedy marshes of Ulatia and Merom, the hills of Galilee, and the wide uplands of Gaulanitis." (Geikie.) Thence he crossed to the east of the Jordan north of the Sea of Galilee, and passed down on the east side of the Sea to a spot nearly opposite Tiberias, where he encountered throngs of people gathered from all the country round and careless about their personal needs. (See Stout's Map.) The fame of his miracles, among them the cure of the deaf man just told, had attracted the people, and as Geikie says, the vast concourse attracted by such scenes may be imagined, for in the East especially, it is easy for the population, with their simple wants and the mildness of the sky, which in the warm months invites sleeping in the open air by night, to camp out as they think fit. But, as often happens, even in our day with the Easter pilgrims at Jerusalem, many find their provisions run short, and as in these strange and motley crowds numbers often die of want, many of those following Jesus might have sunk by the way but for his thoughtful care, for numbers had come from far.

## EXPOSITORY.

1. In those days the multitude being very great, etc. It is wonderful how soon a multitude could be gathered. It was due to the denseness of the population, and this to the warmth of the climate and the fertility of the soil, which rendered the necessities of life much more easy of procurement than among us. The vast majority of the people were possessed of little or no property, and it required but little to meet the demands of their habits; yet they must eat something or die.

2. I have compassion on the multitude, etc. Jesus was always the compassionate. The presence of suffering or of need was always enough to excite his pity and to secure his kind and helpful ministrations. For three days these people, many of them, had been lingering around the place of his sojourn, and so much were they interested in him and his works, that they had well-nigh forgotten the needs of their bodies, though they were now beginning to feel the cravings of hunger.

3. And if I send them away fasting to their own houses, etc. "If I send them away fasting to their home." (n. v.) It is not to be understood that all these people had houses of their own. They had what might be called homes, places from which they had come forth and to which they expected to return. Some of them had come a long way, and it would require much time for them to reach their homes, where food could be obtained. The food, which they had brought with them had become exhausted, and Jesus shows his sympathy with humanity, his real manhood, by anticipating and providing for their needs.

4. And his disciples answered him, From whence can a man satisfy these men with bread? etc. The disciples seem to have forgotten the recent feeding of the five thousand, and did not suspect that he would again supply the needs of such a throng. It was a desert place, a place somewhat like the scene of the previous feeding of the five thousand, a place where there was little to be bought even if they had money to buy with. The question was one, not of money, but of bread.

5. And he asked them, How many loaves have ye? As in the previous instance he lays the burden first upon them, and intimates that if they have anything, and as long as they have anything, they are to divide with those who have nothing, and they are not to ask any questions as to how far their supplies will go. And they said, Seven. Less than a loaf for each, and the loaves much smaller than are usually known to us, hard and dry, more like a large cracker than like a loaf of our bread.

6. And he commanded the people to sit down on the ground. Nothing here is said about the ranks or groups. Apparently they sat down just where they happened to be standing. We may, however, believe that, as in the other case, they were arranged in some kind of order, and thus facilitated the distribution. And he took the seven loaves and gave thanks. In the previous instance it is said that he blessed. There is not, however, a great distinction to be made between the two words in such a connection. In either case he acknowledged God, his Father, as the author of the food, to whom the hungry should ever look for bread. He taught by his example that those who receive the products of the earth should recognize God as the bestower. And gave to his disciples to set before them, etc. As in the former case, he made the disciples the medium of the bestowment, and as they passed among the people with their fragments of bread it kept continually increasing so that there was no lack.

7. And they had a few small fishes, etc. These fishermen seem to have been generally supplied with the product of the sea. It is probable that dried fish constituted an important element in the diet of the people. Only thus could fish be had at any distance from the water. The heat of the climate forbade the preserving of fish fresh for any considerable time.

8. So they did eat . . . and they took up of the broken meat . . . seven baskets. There was in this case, as in the other, a superabundance—more than could be eaten—and now, as then, it was all gathered up.

9. And they that had eaten were about four thousand, etc. Some writers try to make this miracle and the feeding of the five thousand identical, but without success. There can be no reasonable doubt that there were two. The language of Jesus, in verses 19, 20, distinctly assumes that they were two separate and distinct occasions.

10. And straightway he entered into a ship with his disciples and came into the parts of Dalmanutha. This was on the west side of the sea, and thus we are confirmed in the view that the miracle just noticed occurred on the east side. "Dalmanutha" is the same as Magdala. Another name for the region was "Migdol," meaning a tower, and it lay just south of Capernaum. Immediately he was beset by the Pharisees, who seem to have been, during his absence, concocting a plan for his destruction, having therefor taken advantage of his absence.

11. And the Pharisees came forth and began to question him, etc. They were all ready, and as soon as they heard of his arrival, they hastened to meet him and try their trick upon him. They sought a sign from heaven, something by which they could test his wisdom and his divinity, something else than the great proof that he was giving day by day. They wanted to dictate as to how he should reveal himself and prove his authority. They wanted him to bring manna, or thunder, or some such sign. Manna was the thing demanded on one occasion. (See John vi. 31.)

12. And he sighed deeply in spirit. This request was such a manifestation of human hardness, of perverse unbelief, of right-down enmity to him, that it deeply affected the heart of Jesus, and he said, Why doth this generation seek after a sign? etc. Had not these people signs enough, evidence enough? What more could they desire? Had he not come among them the works that none other man did? No sign should be given to such a people. If they would not believe, in view of what they had seen and heard, they would not believe at all.

13. And he left them, and entered into a ship, and departed unto the other side. He went directly back to the east side of the sea again.

14. Now the disciples had forgotten to take bread, etc. The departure had been so sudden and unexpected to them that

they had failed to take their usual precaution, and there was no supply in the boat among the boatmen.

15. And he charged them, saying, Take heed, and beware of the leaven of the Pharisees, etc. The influence and the spirit of the Pharisees were seductive and insidious, and when a man became possessed of the captious, unbelieving spirit of the Pharisee, or of Herod, he was, and is, quite sure to go on from bad to worse, increasing his doubts and his enmity. So the Pharisees did and so Herod did. The doctrines and spirit of these men were not a thing that came upon them all at once; it was a growth, just as the leaven increases in and leavens all the meal.

16. And they reasoned among themselves, etc. They did not understand him, and because they had forgotten the bread, their thoughts went directly to that, and they surmised that he must have reference to some kind of leaven or yeast used by the Pharisees and Herodians, which they were not to use in preparing their bread.

17. And when Jesus knew it he said unto them, Why reason ye because ye have no bread? That was not the question—a mere matter of bread. The thing had in view by him was something of far more importance than material yeast. It was something which operates in a man's soul, and which affects his character. Perceive ye not yet, neither understand, etc. He was not accustomed to trouble himself about the matter of food, and they were sluggish of mind and dull of apprehension not to know it, see that this could not be in his mind.

18. Having eyes see ye not, etc. They had failed to use the faculties, the common sense with which they had been endowed, and were as one who having eyes is blind, and having ears is deaf. What was the mere matter of bread to him who could produce any amount by a word? Why did they not think of it?

19. When I broke the five loaves, etc. He calls them to remember—not simply to remember the feeding of the multitude, but the fact that more bread was left on each occasion than there was at the first.

20. And when the seven among the four thousand, etc. Here we have given the number of the loaves on the second occasion, when the multitude fed was smaller, and the amount left over was smaller, though the number of loaves was greater than on the first, thus showing that the increase was not simply in proportion to the amount of bread to begin with, or even of the number fed. His power was entirely unlimited and uncontrolled. He could make much or little as he chose.

21. And he said unto them, How is it that ye do not understand? Such language caused them to think, to reason among themselves to some purpose. They then saw that his reference was not to material bread and material leaven, but to the insidious and hurtful doctrines of those classes, who were exerting a great influence over society, and were doing much to hinder the progress of his work. And it comes to us as an admonition, "Beware of the leaven of the Pharisees." It is a wonderful power in a human heart. A prejudice against Jesus grows and is soon to end in destruction, unless checked and corrected.

## THE PLACE.

"I go to prepare a place for you." O Holy Place, we know not where thou art! Though one by one our well-beloved dead From our close claspings to thy bliss have fled, Thy send no word back to the breaking heart; And if, perchance, their angels fly athwart The silent reaches of the aether wide and deep, The swift, white wings we see not, but instead Only the dark void keeping us apart.

Where did he set thee, O thou Holy Place? Made life a new world in the heavens high hung, So far from this poor earth that they even yet Its first glad rays have traversed not the space That lies between us, nor their glory dung On the old home its sons can ne'er forget?

But what, if, on some fair, auspicious night, Like on which the shepherds watched of old, Down from the skies thy burning splendor shined, Shall stream the radiance of a star more bright Than ever yet hath shone on mortal sight— Swift shafts of light, like javelins of gold, Wave after wave of glory manifold, From zone to zenith flooding all the height?

And what, if, moved by some strange inner sense, Some instinct, than pure reason wiser far, Some swift clairvoyance that anoints the space, All men shall cry, with undying joy intense, "Behold, behold this new respondent star— Our heaven at last revealed—the Place! the Place!"

Then shall the heavenly host with one accord Vell their bright faces in obsequious mirth, While the swift throngs of angels come one to greet, Then shall Orion own at last his lord, And from his belt unclose the blazing sword, While pale proud Ashtaroth, with footstep fleet, Her jeweled crown drops humbly at his feet, And Lyra strikes her harp to the captivations chord. O Earth, bid all your lonely isles rejoice! Break into singing, all ye silent hills! And ye, tumultuous seas, make quick reply! Let the canoes of heaven's angels sweep the whole creation to its centre thrills, For the new light of Heaven is in the sky!

CURE FOR THE MIND.—The late George Borrow suffered from what he called "the horrors," which was nothing more than the nervousness which accompanies an overwrought mind, brought on by too much metaphysics. But when he found himself approaching the vanishing point of reason—"What do you think I do?" he said, "I go out to the sty and listen to the grunting of the pigs till I get back to myself."

REV. JAMES CAUGHEY SAYS: "A couple of infidels were standing together on the deck of a vessel as she glided past a desolate island of the sea. One said to the other: 'Suppose you were condemned to live on this island alone, and had the choice of but one book for your companion, what book of all books would you choose?' The other replied: 'I would select Shakespeare, because of the variety of themes.' 'Well,' rejoined the other, 'although I do not believe in the Bible, yet I would choose it for my companion, for the Bible is an endless book.'"

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## A NEEDLESS SHADOW.

BY HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

I said unto myself, If I were dead, What would befall these children? What would be their fate, who now are looking up to me, For help and guidance? Their lives, I said, Would be a volume wherein I have read But the first of their history, and of their fate, To read the rest of their dear history, So full of hope and so full of danger.

As comfort to the world is very old, And generations pass, as they have passed, A troop of shadows moving with the sun; Thousands of times has the old tale been told: The world belongs to those who come the last; They will end hope and struggle as we have done.

## SELECT READINGS.

As the pearl ripens in the obscurity of its shell, so ripens in the tomb all the fame that is truly precious.—Lamb.

The greatest pleasure I know is to do a good action by stealth, and to have it found out by accident.—Charles Lamb.

One touch of Thine upon my eyes, And these dark shadows all shall flee; I'll see Thee near whom now afar I worship, glorious One in thee.

O touch my hands that they may learn Only Thy blessed work to do; And touch my feet, that they may run Only in paths Thou'ldst have them go.

"Let your speech be always with grace, seasoned with salt," adds the Apostle. "Salt." Do not mistake vinegar for oil, or pepper for salt. "Seasoned with salt." Let it be tasteful and savory.

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The only line running Parlor Cars on its day trains between Cincinnati, Indianapolis and Chicago. All Chicago connections made with the trunk lines of the Northwest for all points in Illinois, Iowa, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Nebraska, Dakota, Colorado, Utah, New Mexico, Wyoming, Nevada and California.

Makes immediate connection in Union Depot, Indianapolis, with the Vandallia Line for St. Louis.

Vincennes, Evansville and Cairo. At St. Louis connections made



